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Contents, 4 November, 1893

PAGE

COVER SENTIMENT
By James Russell Lowell 789

THE WEEK 793

EDITORIAL:
Who is Responsible? 797
The Issue in New Jersey 798
What Next? 799
Character and Profession 799

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:
How to Reach Men.—VII. Adaptability. By the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D. 800
My Study Fire: Enjoying One's Mind 801
Signs of Delight. By J. E. Learned 802
The Colleges and the Road Movement. By Charles E. Pratt 802
The Greater Glory.—XXXIV.–XXXVI. By Maarten Maartens 803

THE HOME:
The Political Opportunity of Women 807
Nervous Children and How to Help Them. By Grace C. Kempton 807
A Pressing Condition 808
A Public Benefactor 809
A Common Danger 809
Picked Up 809

PAGE

Oussiat and the Wampum Belts.—II. By F. S. Palmer .. 810
Clams and Clamming. By Gustav Kobbé 810

SUNDAY AFTERNOON:
Consenting unto Wrong. By Lyman Abbott 811
The Joy of Giving. By Lyman Abbott 814

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD:
The English Anniversaries; The Church Congress; The Rev. Charles Gore on Reunion; The Meaning of It; The Baptist Union at Reading; The Congregational Union of England and Wales; Tom Mann and the Church; Death of the Rev. J. C. Price 815
The Inter-Seminary Alliance .. 827

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:
Miss King's "Balcony Stories" 817
Minor Notices 817
Literary Notes 818
Books Received 826

WITH OUR READERS:
I.—Correspondence 819
II.—Notes and Queries 819

FINANCIAL 823

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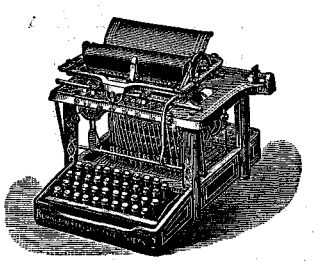

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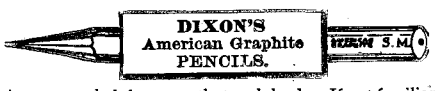

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Volume 48 For Week ending 4 November, 1893 Number 19

The Week

THE attempted compromise on the silver question which we reported in last week's Outlook seems to have given satisfaction to no one, and, after receiving, if reports may be trusted, the signatures of almost enough Democratic Senators to constitute a majority for it, was incontinently abandoned; and after a week more of wasted speeches, which no one listened to and few will read, unconditional repeal passed the Senate last Monday by a vote of forty-three to thirty-two. If this vote could have been taken a month ago, it would have restored confidence in time to accomplish some beneficial results for the fall trade. As it is, the evils of the long state of uncertainty will probably be felt throughout the winter. The credit for the passage of repeal rests primarily with the President, who has shown the courage of his convictions by hazarding the unity and support of his own party—always a great political risk—and refusing all suggestions of compromise: wisely, because, as we have heretofore said, no compromise can give permanent relief to the country unless it is founded on some clear and intelligible recognition of fundamental principles. The credit is due secondarily to the efforts of Senator Voorhees, who has wisely gone slowly in order that he might go at all, and thirdly to Senator Hill, who has shown the majority how the deadlock might be broken, and so has shown the country that the majority were responsible if it were not broken. The sooner Congress now adjourns and gives the country rest the better. Meanwhile, it will be wise for a few leaders who are bimetallists in principle to come together, consider the present and future condition of the country, and lay their plans for an educational campaign. In the absence of such a campaign, there is danger that the country will drift into gold monometallism without really knowing it, and will suffer the inevitable result of a limited currency, depreciated prices, enhanced debts, and increased money power in fewer hands.

❀

Senator Hill, in a speech delivered in Brooklyn on the evening of October 23, makes an elaborate defense of Judge Maynard. We have already reported fully the facts in this case, and do not need to restate them here. The gist of Senator Hill's defense is that the return which Judge Maynard took from the Comptroller's office ought not to have been sent by the County Clerk, that the County Clerk had been restrained by a stay of proceedings from mailing it, and that Judge Maynard, in taking it from the Comptroller's office, acted as counsel for his client, and did, in fact, only make effectual the stay which had been granted. On the other hand, the effectiveness of Senator Hill's defense was seriously impaired by his absurd references to the Bar Association as "a small, contemptible minority of the great body of lawyers," "its leading spirits a set of young, briefless lawyers anxious for notoriety, without high standing in the profession," "a brainless set of namby-pambies." It is true that the Bar Association is a private club, and includes in its membership only about one-sixth of the total number of men who nominally belong to the Bar of New York City; but it is also true that, with few if any exceptions, the most eminent men of the Bar belong to this Association, and the most eminent members of the Association united in a judicial condemnation of Judge Maynard's act. That condemnation was vigorously expressed on Thursday evening, October 26, at a meeting held in Cooper Union, which was filled to overflowing, and in which, we believe, all the speakers were prominent members of Judge Maynard's party. The simple existence of such a protest, coming from such a body of citizens, should be conclusive on the question of Judge Maynard's fitness for judicial office. The general public cannot be expected to form an independent judgment on the question whether Mr. Maynard's act in taking the paper from the Comptroller's office was legal or illegal. It is enough that one of the judges of the State, in judicial proceedings, declared such an abstraction to be criminal, and that this judgment has since been affirmed by a committee composed of some of the most eminent lawyers in the State, nearly all of them members of Judge Maynard's party, and by the substantially unanimous judgment of the Bar Association, the ablest legal organization in the State, if not in the country. To elect to the highest judicial office one who is believed by a considerable fraction of his own party, by all the members of the other party, and by the most eminent members of his own profession to have been guilty of a crime, and to elect him as a reward for the act so regarded as criminal, would be to disgrace the Bench and the State. The question presented to the people of this State is not, Will Judge Maynard make a good judge? nor, Has he made a good judge? nor, Is he in general a reputable citizen and an able lawyer? but, Is it for the honor of the State and for the purity of its judiciary that there should be elected to its highest court a man who has been declared by a non-partisan tribunal to be guilty of grand larceny in the second degree?

❀

The most important matter to be voted upon in New York State next week is attracting but little attention outside of labor circles. The Commonwealth is still under the Constitution adopted in 1846. Certain isolated amendments have been adopted since that date, but the general revision framed in 1867 was rejected, and the present revision has been delayed year after year in a manner utterly unjustifiable. The change in the population of the State under the present Constitution has been small compared with the change in its economic condition. In the Convention of 1846 the great issue was the granting of

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special charters to banking corporations. Railroads were then in their infancy. To-day the railroads of the State have a capitalization exceeding that of the banks of the entire Nation, and this enormous aggregation of wealth is taxed in a haphazard manner which practically exempts the great bulk of it. Municipal franchises have increased in value yet more rapidly, the gas and street railway securities of this city alone being worth to-day nearly as much as all the property in such Commonwealths as Vermont or New Hampshire. What are the relations of these corporations to the people, and what control should the people exercise over them? constitute an important question that must come before the approaching Convention. Closely akin to it is the question of the relation of the great cities to the State, and the extent of the right of the former to self-government. Other matters of hardly less importance relating to combinations of capital and combinations of labor need to be dealt with in a fundamental way. The trades-unions of this city, realizing the importance of the issues, have declined to accept from Tammany Hall the two "labor delegates" offered them, and are conducting an independent campaign with candidates pledged to a programme of local self-government, public ownership of municipal monopolies, the repeal of the conspiracy laws, and the taxation of corporate securities at the same rate as homes and farms. This movement is strictly non-partisan, and names no candidates except for the Constitutional Convention.

❀

Another important question the National League for the Protection of American Institutions is making endeavors to bring before the Constitutional Convention. It rightly demands some constitutional safeguards against the appropriation of public funds to sectarian purposes. In a letter calling our attention to this matter, it affirms that millions of dollars have been appropriated in this State for such purposes, and in a tabular statement inclosed in the letter it shows that between 1884 and 1893 over $12,000,000 has been appropriated in this way; $5,500,000 to Roman Catholic institutions, $365,000 to Protestant institutions, a little over $1,000,000 to Hebrew institutions, and $4,700,000 to undenominational institutions, which, it may be safely assumed, are generally under non-Roman Catholic control. The habit of making appropriations to ecclesiastical organizations has not so much been sedulously fostered as developed through carelessness and neglect. We have now the authority of Cardinal Gibbons for the assertion that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States does not believe in governmental subsidies for Roman Catholic institutions. Roman Catholics and Protestants should unite their forces in this matter in a demand on this Convention that it shall engraft upon the new Constitution the fundamental principle that all funds raised by taxation from the public shall be expended under the control of the public. We are prepared to nail to the mast a banner with this motto: "No public funds except to public institutions." This would temporarily cripple some excellent benevolent organizations, but the ultimate benefits would far outweigh any temporary disadvantages. It is unfortunate that so little public interest has been aroused in matters of such public importance. It is not too late, however, for voters to scrutinize carefully the lists of candidates submitted to them, in order to vote for men friendly enough to progress to favor the submission of reforms in these matters to the vote of the people.

❀

The question of woman's suffrage has been to the front in various quarters. In New York the law passed last year giving women the right to vote for school commissioners is awakening a great deal of interest, and in many rural districts there has been a substantial registration of women voters. In Michigan the Supreme Court has overthrown the law giving women the right to vote at municipal elections. The act is declared to be in violation of the Constitution. In Kansas and in Colorado an active agitation is well under way to secure the adoption of the pending amendments giving women complete suffrage. In Kansas not only the People's party, but also the Republican, has declared in favor of the amendment. From New Zealand, also, comes the news that woman's suffrage is now the law in that province. This territory has upwards of six hundred thousand people, or just ten times the population of Wyoming, the one American Commonwealth giving full suffrage to women. In New Zealand, according to the dispatch, the establishment of woman's suffrage is expected to strengthen the temperance party and the Conservative party. That the temperance party will gain by it cannot be questioned, but that the Conservative party will permanently gain is open to serious doubt. The bulwark of conservatism, so far as conservatism is irrational, is popular apathy. Unless woman's suffrage increases this, it will not, in the long run, strengthen such conservatism. It is probably a true instinct of self-preservation which leads the ultramontane or reactionary party in Europe to oppose so violently the giving of the suffrage to women, although the immediate effect of the change would be to strengthen its own political power.

❀

The political uneasiness in Austria grows more acute, and as we go to press the resignation of the Ministry is reported. Count Taaffe made a vigorous speech in the Reichstag last week in favor of the Government bill for the extension of the franchise, but the speech failed to secure any large support for the bill. On the contrary, it drew out protests from almost every quarter. Something, however, must be done to meet the agitation for universal suffrage, which is taking on a distinctly Socialistic character. One night last month sixteen Socialistic meetings were held in Vienna to demand manhood suffrage, and it is in response to this demand that Count Taaffe proposes to make concessions, which go too far for the Conservatives and do not go far enough for the Radicals. There are, according to a correspondent of the London "Times," about 8,000,000 men over twenty-five years of age in Austria, and out of this number, under the provisions of the existing electoral law, there are less than 2,000,000 voters. If the Government bill could be passed, it would double the electorate and make it something more than 4,000,000. The London "Spectator" says: "The measure would confer the franchise on all who could read and write, on all who knew one language of the Empire, and had resided six months; on all soldiers who had passed through a war, and on all men who have passed through the elementary schools, the latter qualification being obligatory by law on every Austrian. This is universal suffrage; for if, as is said, the number of voters is only increased from 1,700,000 to 4,000,000, the number will increase every year by leaps and bounds, until it includes the entire population." While Austria has progressed rapidly in many directions, parliamentary evolution has been at a standstill for many years, and what the Government now fears, and has reason to fear, is a violent explosion of popular feeling which might take the form of a revolution. Behind this opposition to the new bill lies the antagonism between the German and the Slav; for under a freer electoral system the German element would largely lose and the Slav

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element largely gain in political power. The class upon which the Liberals have relied is mainly what may be called the German *bourgeoisie*. If the balance of power is transferred from this class to that of the working people, it would be transferred from the German to the Slav, and Austria will become a Slav Empire. Altogether, the situation is a complicated one; but, aside from such complications as that introduced by the demand of the Poles and the Roumanians, already reported in these columns, and the antagonism between the races, involving both political and religious consequences of the highest moment, it is very certain that a popular agitation for a larger share in the Government of the Empire, once well started, cannot be resisted; and that, whether the present measure is adopted or rejected, whether the Cabinet remains or goes out, the Reichstag continues its sittings or is dissolved, sooner or later Austria must accept universal suffrage.

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The financial situation in Italy grows steadily more serious; so serious that, in order to tide over immediate difficulties, the Government must depend on friendship rather than on the security it can offer in the open market for loans. If it had not been for the active aid of Germany, rendered, not on a financial basis pure and simple, but mainly in furtherance of political policy, it is probable that the Italian Government would not have been able to pay the January interest upon the national debt. It would have defaulted on that day and have become technically bankrupt. An attempt was made to raise the money in London and Paris and failed; and recourse was had to Germany, for the simple reason that Germany is the ally of Italy and that Italy belongs to the Triple Alliance. The loan was not obtained in Berlin without pressure from the Government upon certain great bankers, who finally formed a syndicate and agreed to lend the Italian Government about ten millions of dollars, thus assuring the payment of the January interest and postponing for a little the inevitable end to which Italy is fast moving. It looks now as if there were but two alternatives for Italy: either Germany must shoulder the financial burden of her ally, or else Italy must, by revolutionary retrenchment, disarm and take herself out of the European arena. For a time, in all probability, Germany will aid her with money; but Germany herself is overburdened, and is already facing a difficult problem of taxation in the attempt to raise money under the new Military Bill, and cannot indefinitely loan money to Italy. The present difficulty perhaps marks the beginning of the end; for whenever Italy is forced to disarm and retrench, there must be a readjustment of European relations. So far no Italian statesman has had the courage, if he has had the clearness of vision, to propose the one remedy which would take Italy out of the mire. Her debt is already beyond her resources, and she is adding to it the immense expenditure involved in sustaining her armaments. Nothing can save her but a revolutionary reform which shall involve an entire reconstruction of her financial system and her expense account.

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The English seem to be still in uncertainty as to whether they are actually engaged in a war in South Africa or not, but the evidence is against them. It looks very much as if the South African Company had drawn the English Government into another of those petty wars which have marked the history of the English commercial companies in savage and semi-savage lands, and of which there is conclusive evidence that England is beginning to be very tired. This war is one of those conflicts which mark the advent of a civilized race into the territories of an uncivilized race. Mashonaland is a part of British Zambesi, lying north of the South African Republic, and in close proximity to the Matabeles, of whom Lobengula is king. Lobengula is a savage king of great force and ability, who is averse to any fight with the English, and who, according to the best English opinion, has been dragged into this war by the South African Company, at the head of which is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, an aggressive and determined leader among the English of South Africa. The Matabeles are Zulus, and are, therefore, the best fighters in Africa—a brave, enduring, and warlike race, with an army which is variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand fighters. King Lobengula has been exercising a kind of overlordship over Mashonaland. When an English company wished to secure concessions from him, they induced him to send a kind of commission to England, the commission consisting of two savages, who started naked from their own country, but were induced to put on clothes before they got to England. These commissioners returned to give the King an impressive, if not a very definite, idea of the resources and power of the English race. The natural intelligence of Lobengula was manifested by the attitude he at once took toward the Englishmen with whom he was dealing. He conceded the privilege of occupying Mashonaland to the South African Company, and a right of way through his own territories into that country. After the concession was made he endeavored to get out of it, but the pioneers were too rapid in their movements; forts were built at once, and the English were established.

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For some time things went on smoothly, but not many months ago about five hundred yards of telegraph wire belonging to the Company were cut and carried off by men belonging to a frontier chief, who, instead of giving up the culprits, paid their fine in cattle and then sent word to Lobengula that the English had seized his cattle; whereupon the King protested against his cattle being stolen, announced his intention to punish the offenders, and sent a considerable force against them. This force, having small regard for boundary lines, passed over the line between Matabeleland and Mashonaland, the latter being regarded by all Matabeles as a part of their possessions; the unlucky Mashonas were dispatched with great celerity and their cattle driven off; but meanwhile the English settlers had chosen to regard the attack as directed against themselves, and, after some attempt at diplomacy, with apparently no sincere desire to settle the matter, war has broken out. A large part of the English people believe that the misunderstanding is due to the desire of the British traders to seize more territory, and the Government has forbidden any aggressive movement. It has gone so far as practically to take the matter out of the hands of Mr. Rhodes and put it into the hands of the English High Commissioner. The Zulus, as the English know by experience, are not to be despised even by a force trained and armed under the conditions of civilization, and it might cost a good many men and a great deal of money to make an end of Lobengula. Sooner or later, however, Lobengula will have to go. The railroad, the telegraph, and improved firearms are things against which no African chief can successfully fight. There will be the usual disregard of the moral right of the savage, and the usual result of a great advantage to the country in the long run from European possession.

❀

The fighting about the fortified post held by the Spaniards in Morocco, and known as Melilla, continues, and has so far increased in extent and severity that it now amounts to a petty war. Last Saturday General Margallo,

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the General in charge of the Spanish troops, was killed while leading a sortie, and about seventy of his troops shared his fate. The tribesmen about the fort, who number, it is said, over ten thousand, have thrown up regular intrenchments, and are besieging the two or three thousand Spanish soldiers in the fort in regular warlike form. To understand the position, it must be remembered that these tribesmen, most of whom are of the race known as Riffs, are fanatical and savage to an extreme degree. All of the natives of Morocco resent the presence of Christians and Europeans there, but none so bitterly as the men of the wild tribes. The Sultan of Morocco is a man of considerable intelligence and of positive force of character. There is reason to believe that he shares the prejudice and the fanaticism of the people over whom he rules, but he has become impressed with the fact that to prevent a war of conquest it is necessary to make some concessions to the foreigners. He is also, no doubt, alive to some of the advantages of foreign trade, and has some feeble idea of the vast profits which might be derived from his kingdom were its commercial and agricultural operations carried on in accordance with modern and scientific ideas. The Sultan, accordingly, is in a continual struggle to suppress the fierceness of his followers, and has also within his own mind a struggle between the violent and narrow ideas of the past and the progressive notions which are beginning to sift into Morocco from Europe. The occupation by the Spanish of the town of Melilla is one of those concessions to which Morocco has submitted for three centuries, but not without repeated warfare of the present kind. It is not at all unlikely that the outbreak of the tribesmen against the Spaniards may be the prelude to a war of conquest in which Spain may, if she dare, play the part taken by France in Siam; but with this difference, that the inhabitants of Morocco will be much less likely to yield to a display of force than were the gentler and weaker Siamese.

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The revolution in Brazil remains in much the same position as it has been in for the last month, so far as regards the relative strength of the Government and the insurgents. During the past week, however, the international aspects of the struggle have suddenly assumed great importance. In the first place, it seems probable that our Government has at last been impressed by the fact that the other foreign powers represented at Rio Janeiro are inclined to lend their influence to the insurgent party in so marked a manner as to make it a question whether it may not become necessary for the United States to assert again the general principle known as the Monroe Doctrine. It is reported that it is with this in mind that our Naval Department has ordered the new cruiser New York to be in immediate readiness to go to sea, and that it is likely that the New York may be sent to Rio Janeiro at any moment. At this distance it is difficult to know how much credence to give to the repeated rumors that the foreign officers at Rio Janeiro intend to do all in their power to aid Admiral Mello, with the ultimate intention of assisting in restoring a monarchy. It must be remembered that neither this Government nor the European powers have as yet recognized the fleet under Admiral Mello as being entitled to the rights of a belligerent. It is this fact that makes our Admiral Stanton's conduct in saluting Admiral Mello's flag entirely indefensible from the point of international law. Admiral Stanton is an experienced officer, and his mistake, therefore, is all the graver. Our Government recognized at once that its Admiral had committed an unfriendly act toward a friendly power, and Admiral Stanton was recalled from command of his squadron, while the apologies of our Government for the mistake were forwarded to Rio Janeiro. President Peixoto quickly received the explanation in the spirit in which it was intended. Still a third possible international complication relating to Brazil is to be found in the reported purchase by President Peixoto of one, possibly two, American coast steamers. Little secrecy has been made of the fact that El Cid, one of the fastest and finest of American steamships, has been bought by an American agent for Peixoto, and that large quantities of arms and ammunition have been purchased in this country, and will probably, sooner or later, find their way on board El Cid. It is beyond question that the Brazilian Government has a right to make purchases of this kind here, so long as the belligerent rights of the insurgents have not been recognized by this Government. If, however, the insurgents should gain the upper hand—which at this writing seems, on the whole, improbable—some nice questions might arise between the new Brazilian Government and our own.

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In France, as well as England, a great coal strike has been going on, with the inevitable consequence of increasing the demand for State interference. It is more difficult to get at the facts in France than in England, for in French labor disputes, as in French politics, facts are obscured by partisanship to a discouraging degree. For example, in the present strike, which is described at length in the New York "Tribune," the employees of one coal company claim that their employers are now paying annual dividends of 100 per cent. on their nominal capital, and 333 per cent. on the real capital with which they entered the coal business. The employers, on the other hand, claim that they are paying five times as much for wages, materials, and transportation as they are taking in profits. All attempts to settle the strike by voluntary arbitration have proven fruitless, and the conviction is growing that arbitration must be compulsory to be effectual. Count de Mun, the leader of the Republican Catholics and the chief organizer of the Catholic Workingmen's Associations, accepts this principle, declaring that it belongs to the State to judge and settle such disputes among its citizens. In the last political campaign all the parties which bid for the labor vote put forward the principle that legislation ought to determine the minimum of wages and the maximum of the hours of labor. There are in the newly elected Chamber of Deputies forty-nine Socialists and twice as many Radicals in sympathy with this demand for State intervention in labor disputes. The disappearance of the Monarchical party is thus accompanied by the appearance of a Social Democratic party quite as powerful. It seems that in highly civilized communities there is no such thing as political peace.

❀

The assassination of Mr. Carter H. Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, throws a shadow of horror and public grief upon the closing days of the Exposition. The general feeling of satisfaction and congratulation on the wonderful success of Chicago's greatest undertaking has been almost forgotten in what is to many thousands a personal sorrow. For, many and serious as were Mr. Harrison's faults as a politician, he was a man of the people, and was loved by the masses. The assassin called at Mayor Harrison's house on Saturday afternoon, told the servant, who had informed him that Mr. Harrison was sleeping, that his business was of the utmost importance, and, when his victim stepped into the hallway, fired from a revolver five

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bullets into his body. Mr. Harrison lived but twenty minutes, and only spoke to his son a few words, showing that he knew that death was near, and calling pathetically for Miss Howard, the lady to whom he was soon to have been married. Carter Henry Harrison was born in Kentucky sixty-eight years ago. He was a great-grandson of a brother of the Benjamin Harrison who signed the Declaration of Independence, and therefore a distant cousin of ex-President Harrison. He was a graduate of Yale, had traveled extensively, and had written entertainingly of his travels. He twice represented Democratic districts in Congress, and was first elected Mayor in 1879, when he changed a former Republican majority of 7,800 to one of 5,000 for himself; he was re-elected in 1881 and 1883; was defeated as a candidate for Governor of Illinois in 1884; was again made Mayor in 1885; was defeated in 1891 in a contest for the mayoralty, in which he ran on an independent ticket; and finally, in 1893, was again elected Mayor by the Democrats after a fierce contest, in which nearly all the newspapers and the reform and independent elements of the voters opposed him. His triumph was due to his personal popularity among the common people, and especially among the Germans; it has been freely charged, also, and not without apparent grounds, that the gambling and other disreputable interests of the city were in his favor.

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The assassin, Patrick Eugene Prendergast, is a man of some education, but with an exaggerated, if not insane, impression of his own importance, resentful and revengeful—in short, in many points a man of the Guiteau type. He frankly avows the deed, glories in it, and assigns as his reasons for his act that the Mayor had refused to elevate the tracks of the steam railways (thereby endangering life), and had broken a promise to make him, Prendergast, Corporation Counsel. The last reason seems to have been the main one; and as Prendergast was of no possible political consequence, and not a lawyer, and as no one but himself could for a moment imagine that he was a fit candidate for the place, his claim affords evidence of unbalanced mind. The morals of the tragedy are so plain that he who runs may read. They are, first, that "cranks" ought not to be allowed to go at large on the hypothesis that they are harmless. No one but an expert can tell, and it is doubtful if he can, when the harmless crank may become a dangerous one. Prendergast appears to have been widely known as a crank. The second lesson is that the spirit of lawlessness which, East and West, we have allowed to grow up in our great cities is a menace, and may strike in unexpected places. Prendergast may be crazy; but, if so, the craziness is of the kind which recent municipal administration, such utterances as those of Governor Altgeld, and such conditions as those which exist in New Jersey tend to promote. We may add, without prejudging this particular case, that when lunacy consists, not in an intellectual delusion, but in a malign and uncontrolled disposition, the supposed lunatic, in our judgment, deserves and should receive the punishment of the law for his crime.

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General News.—Mr. Marshall Field, the well-known merchant and millionaire of Chicago, has offered to give that city a million dollars to found a museum of natural history, provided $500,000 is contributed by other citizens, and that World's Fair stock to the face value of $2,000,000 is also contributed; it is thought that the conditions will be met at once, and that the Art Building on the Fair grounds will be adapted to the purpose.——The battle-ship Oregon, the most powerful vessel in our navy, was successfully launched at San Francisco on Thursday of last week.——The Russian fleet has left Toulon.——During a religious festival of the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, in Judea, on Thursday of last week, a trifling dispute arose which caused a riot.——The World's Fair was formally closed on Monday, and the work of removing exhibits will begin at once, although visitors will for some time be admitted on payment of the entrance fee; the total gate receipts have reached $10,500,000 (showing over twenty million admissions); the concession receipts have been about $4,500,000.

Who is Responsible?

Our readers may remember a picture published in "Harper's Weekly" during the rule of the Tweed Ring, in which each member of the Ring pointed with his thumb to his next neighbor. No one would own to responsibility. Who is responsible for the present corruption in politics? The Republican points to his Democratic neighbor, the Democrat to the "boss," the "boss" to the foreign voter, and the foreign voter to the Republican again. Every man confesses the guilt of his neighbor; no one will acknowledge his own.

The real culprit is a selfish indifference to public welfare, and a selfish absorption in one's own. One man enters politics for what he can make out of it, and expects some reward, from a two-dollar bill to a post-office. Another man stays out of politics because it is cheaper to pay extravagant taxes than to step aside from his individual business to attend to public affairs. The one is as selfish a sinner as the other; and the responsibility for the public corruption is divided about equally between the two. Why is it that to-day it is an open question whether New Jersey shall be governed by gamblers and toughs, New York shall have her ermine stained by the election to the bench of a "suspect," and Brooklyn shall re-establish in power the ring which has been judicially declared guilty of robbery? An old parable answers the question:

"The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive-tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive-tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig-tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig-tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon."

When the bramble reigns in any community, it is because the olive and the fig and the vine are too busy in attending to their own fruitfulness; not because the majority prefer brambles to olives, or thistles to figs.

Several kinds of government have been tried in the history of the world—monarchy, the rule of an absolute king, such as a Cæsar or a Czar; oligarchy, the rule of a Council of Ten, self-selected; aristocracy, a body naturally chosen by birth and breeding as the best to bear rule over all the rest; and, finally, democracy, the reign of the common people, in which all men have an equal, or at least an equable, share in the general control. But if the best citizens are to neglect their political duties, and allow politics to fall into the hands of those who have nothing else to do, we shall add a fifth to the experiments, namely, kakocracy—that is, government by the worst.

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That is likely to be the government, if it is not so already, of our great cities. And if that become the government of our great cities, it is certain to extend until it becomes the government of the State, and finally of the Nation.

Two devils promote in men that indifference to public welfare which is the greatest sin of the American citizen, as it is the greatest menace to American institutions. On the one side stands Optimism with a smiling face. "Do not worry," he says; "the newspapers are always exaggerating; the evils are not so great as they seem; we must fight fire with fire; be patient; wait; time cures all things." If this seductive imp does not accomplish his purpose, on the other side stands one with gloomy and frowning face. "It is idle," he says, "to trouble yourself about politics. They were always bad, and they always will be bad. What can't be cured must be endured. You have only to choose between one ring and another. Better give yourself to other and more hopeful labors, and let politics alone." And so elusive hope lulls to sleep on the one hand, and despair paralyzes effort on the other.

And both are liars. Time cures nothing. Corruption unresisted will only grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. But corruption resisted can always be conquered. Whatever is right is possible.

The men who in this part of the country allow the present election to pass without a strenuous endeavor to reinforce justice and purity must share with the gamblers and roughs and thieves the responsibility for the reign of the bramble. For that reign would be impossible if public dishonesty were not kept in power by party spirit and public indifference.

The Issue in New Jersey

The issue at the coming election in New Jersey is so simple and so fundamental that its results are almost as important to the country at large as to that State. It is not often that the struggle between political purity and political corruption is so sharply defined and so free from complication with other issues. New Jersey is to decide whether she is to remain the "Gamblers' State," as she has come to be known very generally throughout the country; she is also to decide whether she is to remain a self-governing State or to be a State managed by an oligarchy, for purposes of money-making, and entirely independently not only of the welfare but of the wishes of the voters of the State. At this moment New Jersey is not a self-governing commonwealth. She is governed by an irresponsible body, elected under the forms of law as the Legislature of the State, but acting entirely independently of the wishes of the people of the State.

Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten the extraordinary legislative history condensed into a single week at Trenton last winter. Never was a more complete piece of political villainy so thoroughly worked out in so brief a period. On the evening of Monday, February 20, three bills were introduced into the New Jersey Assembly, legalizing gambling on licensed race-courses. Under the rules of the Assembly these bills could not be read until the following day. On that day, Tuesday, February 21, they passed their second and third readings, and were sent to the State Senate. In the latter body, the rules being suspended, these bills were all passed through three successive readings on the same day and were sent to the Governor. On the same day the Governor vetoed them and returned them to the Legislature with a stinging message. Under the rules they had to lie over twenty-four hours, but on Saturday they were taken up, passed over the Governor's veto, and became part of the law of the State.

The gambler has been driven out of almost every State in the Union, so far as the laws are concerned. After twenty-five years of demoralizing experience, a long agitation, and a bitter fight, in which every unscrupulous agency was employed, the people of Louisiana have banished the infamous Lottery which has brought shame and disgrace upon that State. Even Oklahoma, so recently settled, has taken the gambler to the door and locked him on the outside. When, therefore, it was decided in the ancient and honorable State of New Jersey, with its fine colonial history and its long identification with education, religion, and high-minded public service, to put the gambler on a legal footing and invite him from the surrounding States where he is a criminal, a cry of protest went up from all parts of the State. A wave of indignation swept over the whole community, and delegation after delegation appeared at the doors of the Assembly and the Senate during the week when these infamous bills were being passed, praying for a hearing; but, for the first time in recent years, a constituency of English-speaking voters was refused a hearing by the creatures whom they had placed in a legislative capacity to govern them. Not only was the voice of the State silent at the Capitol, but the voice of the Legislature was equally silent; not an argument was made, not a voice raised, in behalf of these measures. The arguments addressed to the men who voted for the measures found their vocabulary in figures, not in words. For the first time, perhaps, in the history of the State of New Jersey, the Legislature remained in session from Monday night to Saturday night, closed its doors to the citizens of the State, put aside all other business, suspended its rules, and voted in silence for a series of measures which reversed the almost uniform policy of the other States, made gambling lawful, and defied the unanimous sentiment of the State. With two or three exceptions, every newspaper in New Jersey protested against the passage of the laws; but to the press, as to the public, the Legislature was indifferent.

These laws are now upon the statute-book. Race-courses have been in operation at Linden, Elizabeth, Camden, Monmouth, Hudson, and Passaic. Races are run nine months in the year, without reference to the weather and without reference to the quality of the horses. There is no sport whatever in the business; it is gambling, pure and simple. In every locality where the gambling tracks are situated there has been a steady fall in the prices of real estate, a rapid emigration of residents, and a swift demoralization. Crowds of disreputable men and worse women have poured into the State and made these race-tracks their headquarters. Rowdies of every description have frequented the grounds. Decent men, especially young men, have been drawn into the whirlpool, and New Jersey has been a gambling paradise since the passage of the laws. The matter will not stop here. One of the leading race-track men proposes now to go to the United States Senate, and unless the character of the Legislature is changed his ambition will be gratified, and New Jersey will then have the noble distinction of being not only the "Gamblers' State," but of being represented by a patron of gamblers at the National Capital. Nor will a Legislature which has defied public opinion and swung loose from public control stop with the legalization of crime and the colonization of criminals from other States; it will go on its way to the adoption of other nefarious and equally pernicious measures.

This is the issue which New Jersey faces. Fortunately, the State is thoroughly aroused. A Citizens' League has been organized. In every Assembly district the matter

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has been brought up, and the several political conventions had before them, and have either passed, rejected, or ignored, resolutions committing their nominees to the repeal of this nefarious legislation. The citizens of New Jersey are asked to vote against every man who is not pledged to oppose the race-track gambling. There are no National issues at stake; the only issue is the question as to government by the voters of New Jersey. So far the great majority of the Republican conventions have passed resolutions condemning the race-track gambling, and have pledged their nominees to oppose it, and the Democratic conventions, as a rule, have either rejected or ignored these resolutions, and have left their nominees unpledged; though there have been some honorable exceptions to this statement. The supreme duty of every citizen of New Jersey is to aid in the redemption of his State by voting against every man not definitely pledged to the repeal of this legislation. If this election confirms the gamblers in their position and authority, then New Jersey will deserve to be called the "Gamblers' State," and every voter who lives in the State and who refrains from putting forth his utmost effort at this election will become a co-partner in the gambling establishments which are now demoralizing the State.

What Next?

The American Board, like a ship which has been beating through a narrow channel against adverse winds, and with dangerous rocks on either side, finds itself at last emerging into the open sea. There is still some danger from mutual suspicion and jealousy, but, unless some untoward events occur, we may expect that, in a few months, at the most, suspicion and party feeling will be laid aside, and the Board and the churches whose instrument it is will be thoroughly and heartily united. It has made a wise selection of a Home Secretary, and it has appointed a committee to select a Foreign Secretary, to take, in another year, the place of Dr. Clark, whose retirement, rendered necessary by age and infirmity, is the occasion of universal regret. To him belongs the benediction, Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

Much of the future of the American Board will depend upon the wisdom with which the selection of his successor is made. The American Board ought to call to this office the ablest statesman in the denomination. It is not very material whether he is a layman or a clergyman; he ought not to belong to any party; he ought to be so far conservative as to preserve the vital connection between the past and the future of the missionary work; he should be so far radical as to be open-minded to every question which is presenting itself in the missionary field to the churches of to-day. What should be the power of the local church abroad? How far should missionary effort depend upon native pastors? To what extent should native churches be thrown upon their own resources? How widely may the missionary boards take up the work of education in pagan lands? What may they wisely do respecting industrial education, respecting Young Men's Christian Association work, respecting schools for women, respecting the higher and more special professional education, respecting hospitals and other kindred philanthropic enterprises? What relationship shall missions sustain to such indigenous movements as the Brahmo-Somaj, or the work of Pundita Ramabai? Shall we treat paganism as a cruel and wicked imposition which we are to destroy, or as a sincere and honest seeking after God for which we are to provide, or sometimes in the one way and sometimes in the other? Is Christianity a body of doctrine, worship, and government which we are to transplant from New England into India? Or is it simply a life which we are to start, leaving India to give to it her own embodiment? Or is there some middle ground between these two extremes which we should occupy?

These questions cannot be settled by simply accepting and carrying out the traditions of the past. New epochs require new methods. Certainly they cannot be solved by cutting altogether loose from the traditions of the past, and beginning missionary enterprises over again as though experience had taught us nothing. It has taught us much, but we have still much to learn. Nor can they be determined by resolutions extemporaneously adopted at enthusiastic mass-meetings, without knowledge and without debate. If the American Board can find a consecrated statesman, with mind large enough to apprehend the significance of these questions, open enough to receive light on them from all quarters, and conservative enough to recognize that all changes in policy must grow naturally and normally out of the policies of the past, it may inaugurate a new era in missionary activity, and furnish a leadership which every denomination will be glad to follow.

Character and Profession

The increasing reluctance with which men speak of their spiritual experiences has long been noticed, and is no doubt responsible, in a measure, for the difficulties which beset the prayer-meeting in recent times. However much some of the results of this reticence may be regretted, there is a very wholesome element in it. If men are more sensitive about making public the sacred things of their personal life, it is largely because they are more sensitive to the vital relation between profession and character. The man who has the keenest conscience with regard to conduct will be likely to be most modest in his public declarations of his intentions, and most eager to let men discover by his deeds the principles by which he is trying to live. This does not imply a shrinking from public confession of one's faith; it does mean a growing emphasis upon conduct as the last and the authoritative disclosure of that faith. As conscience becomes more exacting, declarations of what one intends to do become more cautious and infrequent; the sensitive nature shrinks from promises in the proportion in which it craves the witness of deeds. This emphasis on character as the one authoritative disclosure of a man's creed may sometimes unduly weaken the emphasis on other forms of expression, but at bottom it is sound and wholesome; it is a great safeguard against those blasting revelations of moral hollowness and sham which are so destructive of public confidence, and it is a great stimulus to the kind of living which constantly advances its own standards and clarifies its own ideals. Reticence of profession and publicity of conduct are far safer than publicity of profession and reticence of conduct.

In referring lately to "Tract No. 1," issued by the Philadelphia Municipal League, we mentioned as one of the Board of Managers "the Rev. Henry L. Wayland, D.D.," incorrectly quoting from the tract itself, which contains the name of "H. L. Wayland, D.D.," in the list of Managers. The result has been that many of our readers have written to the Rev. Heman L. Wayland, D.D., editor of the "National Baptist," for copies of the pamphlet. Those who want copies should write, inclosing stamps, to the Secretary of the Municipal League, 514 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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How to Reach Men

VII.—Adaptability

By the Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D.

HOW ought the minister to preach so as to reach the hearts and lives of men?

No minister, no generation of ministers, can devise a preaching which shall reach the hearts and lives of all men. Paul could not. Our Lord Jesus Christ did not. Perhaps the clearest road to true ideas upon pulpit requirements starts just there: Among other conditions for best success the minister must possess a serenity of mind concerning his preaching, as wide in the human measure as was Christ's in the divine. Such serenity will depend in large degree upon just conceptions both of what is required of him and what is not. As he that believeth shall not make haste, so of him who would persuade others to believe. Worried preaching will forever lack in power of reach. To escape worry we must avoid overstrained ideals.

Only the Word can supply subject-matter to the preaching which shall reach heart and life. Out of other material measurable success has been had in reaching the heads and hands of men, but not, influentially, their hearts or lives. The pulpit tree which is to bear its twelve manner of fruits and yield its fruit every month, and whose leaves are to be for the healing of the nations, must draw its nourishment from no lower source than the river of water which proceeds out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

But this Gospel of the Ages is to be rendered in terms of the current age. Anchored immovably in the living Godhead, the ministry of to-day must already be shaping its work to twentieth-century behests. The Gospel of the Reformation is doubtless sufficient to the need of all time; but there is room to doubt the effectiveness for the Columbian period of the Reformation method. New moral, social, and political conditions as they are continually arising demand constantly new adaptations of divine truth. The pioneer locomotive on exhibition in Chicago as really utilized the steam principle in its day as do the monster engines now hauling Pullman trains up the steeps of the Sierras. It could not, however, do this work. Its value is historic; its place, the curiosity-shop, not the roundhouse. The electric fluid which Edison and his collaborators are manipulating is identical in all respects with that treated by Franklin and by Morse, but these men are developing uses and applications for electricity never dreamed of by their predecessors. Like power of adaptive resource lies in the eternal Gospel, and must continually be evoked.

There is ground, therefore, for inquiring whether the ability most needed in the pulpit, especially at such a time as the present, be not, after all, adaptability—not the highest form of power, but among the rarest of pulpit powers, and, as an all-round endowment, the most serviceable for the minister. It is not in all cases the ablest preachers who realize the highest success in molding the heart and life of their generation. Not a few inconspicuous pulpits have told in that direction to a degree quite out of proportion to their ratable ability. Their secret, if it be one, lies, in some measure at least, in vital adjustment between topic and time.

Preaching which in a day like ours is to reach heart and life needs, of almost all things, to be real. A current writer upon "The Age and the Church" is quoted as saying: "The realistic age demands of the Church a Christian realism; reality or nothing has become the watchword." Sabbath congregations will scarcely be moved to larger and sweeter living under half-hours of creed-mongering or creed-mending, or by the moral dynamic of excursions into the higher criticism. Doubtless creeds are to be made and creeds are to be mended, and all things which live are to be subjected to interrogation. It were possible, however, to conduct these processes elsewhere than where hearts are crying out for the living God and lives sorely gone astray are inquiring to be shown the way of return. Our Christ did not, when he had commanded the fasting multitudes to be set down in companies of fifty, mock their extremity by discourse upon food improvements, though in that day there was great room therefor. It was bread in the concrete they wanted then. Like concrete want is it which is lifting its sad face so wistfully toward the pulpit of to-day.

Heart and life preaching, while it is to be virile in style, comprehensible in form, and fresh in treatment, needs to be to the last degree heartful. There is danger lest, in seeking to be real and clear, an intellectual minister shall too lightly esteem the emotional in preaching. But, says Thomas Hughes of the teaching of Arnold of Rugby, "it was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sighing below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us and by our sides, and calling on us to help him and ourselves and one another."

How ought the church to carry out its work—with what methods and forms of organization—so as to promote spiritual life?

By emphasizing first, last, and always—in this day of clubs and endless brotherhoods organized for those within and as against those without—the free, outgiving principle of the Christian life. The day for churches on the religious club order is gone by. Not mere Gospel-consuming societies, but Gospel-dispensing societies, our churches must demonstrate themselves to be. Large recognition should doubtless be given in our church methods to the sociological tendencies of the time, and regeneration for society be pushed not less earnestly than regeneration for the individual soul. The institutional form of church organization is a movement in the right direction. The wisdom—except upon provisional and educationary grounds—of multiplying "people's churches," distinctively so labeled, as something out of the common, may be questioned. If the common run of churches be not already people's churches, they ought to take immediate shame to themselves and become so, or, if that is impossible, go out of business. Thoroughly democratic, and, in the true sense, popular, should our churches be, in structure, appointment, atmosphere, and attitude; with buildings suited to such a conception—inviting, assuring, homelike—dwellings rather than monuments, workshops more than cathedrals. Their service of worship should be strong, sincere, attractive, elevating, spiritual, and comprehensible to the common understanding and culture. The church which would promote spirituality must give large place in its structural arrangements to Christian nurture. Regenerative, developmental, and social influences of the most vital and at the same time alluring character should be prepared for its children and young people at every turn.

The one-town-one-church idea should undoubtedly receive a profounder attention than has yet been given it—ultimately on the interdenominational scale, immediately upon the denominational. The three, or five, or twenty local branches of any denomination within the same town or city—let them regard themselves and each other, not as separate existences, but as together constituting the denominational unit for that town.

The futility of expecting one man to maintain progressive spirituality for a whole church is beginning to be felt. As well require of a single individual to combine within himself all the functions and manifoldness necessary to run a railway, a merchandising business, or a summer resort. Difference of ministries as laid down by St. Paul in the divinely given norm for the church is in our day as needful to the development of local churches as in the Apostles' day to the church at large. Apostles,

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prophets, teachers, helps, governments, diversities of tongues—in that composite and cosmopolite thing, the modern American city, they may all find place.

My Study Fire

Enjoying One's Mind

Who that lives in this busy, noisy age has not envied the lot of Gilbert White, watching with keen, quiet eyes the little world of Selborne for more than fifty uneventful years? To a mind so tranquil and a spirit so serene the comings and goings of the old domesticated turtle in the garden were more important than the debates in Parliament. The pulse of the world beat slowly in the secluded hamlet, and the roar of change and revolution beyond the Channel were only faintly echoed across the peaceful hills. The methodical observer had as much leisure as Nature herself, and could wait patiently on the moods of the seasons for those confidences which he always invited, but which he never forced; and there grew up a somewhat platonic but very loyal friendship between him and the beautiful rural world about him. How many days of happy observation were his, and with what a sense of leisure his discoveries were set down, in English as devoid of artifice or strain or the fever of haste as the calm movements of the seasons registered there! There was room for enjoyment in a life so quietly ordered; time for meditation and for getting acquainted with one's self.

Most of us use our minds as tools, which are never employed save in our working hours; we press them constantly to the limits of endurance, and often beyond. Instead of cultivating intimate friendship with them, we enslave them, and set them to tasks which blight their freshness and deplete their vitality. A mind cannot be always hard at work earning money for a man, and at the same time play the part of friend to him. Treated with respect and courtesy, there is no better servant than the mind; when this natural and loyal service is turned into drudgery, however, the servant makes no complaint and attempts no evasion, but the man loses one of the greatest and sweetest of all the resources of life. For there is no better fortune than to be on good terms with one's mind, and to live with it in unrestrained good fellowship. We cannot escape living with it; even death is powerless to separate us; but, so far as pleasure is concerned, everything depends on the nature of the relation. The mind is ready to accept any degree of intimacy, but it is powerless to determine what that degree shall be; it must do as it is bid, and is made a friend or a slave without any opportunity of choice.

To enjoy one's mind one must take time to become acquainted with it. Our deepest friendships are not affairs of the moment; they ripen slowly on the sunny side of the wall, and a good many seasons go to their perfect mellowness and sweetness. The man who wishes to get delight out of his mind, and be entertained by it, must give it time. The mind needs freedom and leisure, and cannot be its best without them. A good talker, who has a strain of imagination and sentiment in him, cannot be pushed into brilliant or persuasive fluency. If you are hurried and can give only partial attention, he is silent: the atmosphere does not warm his gift into life. The mind is even more sensitive to your mood and dependent on your attitude. If you are so absorbed in affairs that you can never give it anything better than your cast-off hours, do not expect gay companionship from it; for gayety involves a margin of vitality, an overflow of spirits. It is oftener on good terms with youth than with maturity, because young men drive it less and live with it more. They give it room for variety of interests and time for recreation, and it rewards them with charming vivacity. It craves leisure and ease of mood because these furnish the conditions under which it can become confidential; give it a summer day, and, if you have made it your friend, it will give you long hours of varied and wholesome entertainment. It has sentiment, imagination, wit, and memory at its command, and, like an Eastern magician, will transport you to any climate or bring any object to your feet. Never was there so willing a friend, nor one whose resources are so constantly ignored.

What a man finds in his mind and gets out of it depends very much on himself; for the mind fits its entertainment to the taste of its one tyrannical auditor. Probably few men have ever lived more loyally with their minds than Wordsworth. Fame found him a recluse and left him solitary; crowds had no charms for him, and at dinner-tables he had no gifts. He was at his best pacing his garden walk and carrying on that long colloquy with his mind which was his one consuming passion. The critics speak of him as an isolated, often as a cold, nature; but no man of his time, not even Byron, put more passion into his work: only his passion was not for persons, it was for ideas. He had great moments with his mind, for he was repaid for the intensity of his surrender of other occupations and interests by thrilling inspirations—those sudden liftings of the man into the clearness and splendor of vision which the mind commands in its highest moods. He who has felt that exaltation knows not only what must have come often to Wordsworth when the hills shone round him with a light beyond that of the sun, but has touched the very highest bound of human experience. A mind enriched by long contact with the best in thought and life, and cherished by loving regard for its needs, often repays in a single hour the devotion of a lifetime. Sometimes, beside the lamp at evening, the book closes in the hand because the mind swiftly flies from it to some distant and splendid outlook; or, on the solitary walk, the man stands still with beating heart because the mind has suddenly disclosed another and diviner landscape about him.

Wordsworth found imagination and sentiment in his mind, as did the beautiful singer upon whom the laurel next descended; but Charles Lamb had the delights of wit. No men are on better terms with their minds than men of wit; one of the pleasures which they give their fellows of slower movement is the enjoyment which comes to them from their own unexpectedness. Most of us know what we shall think and say next; or, if we do not know, we have no reason to anticipate either surprise or satisfaction from that part of the future which is to take its color from our thoughts and words. A witty man, on the other hand, never knows what his mind will give him next; it is the unexpected which always happens in his mental history. Watch him as he talks, and note his delight in the tricks which his mind is playing upon him. He is as much in the dark as his auditors, and has as little inkling of the turn the talk will take next. His real antagonist is not the man who sends the ball back to him, but his own mind, which he is humorously prodding, and which is giving sharp thrusts in response. Charles Lamb found as much delight in his own quaintness as did any of his friends, and was as much surprised by those inimitable puns which stuttered themselves into speech as if they were being translated out of some wittier language than ours. It is pleasant to think of the suppressed fun that went on within him on the high seat at the India House. And Sydney Smith was another beneficiary of his own mind, whose way through life was so constantly enlivened by the gayest companionship that even the drowsy English pulpit of his time had little power to subdue his spirits or dull the edge of his wit. Who that has talked with Dr. Holmes has not witnessed that charming catastrophe which befalls a man when his mind runs away with him and dashes into all manner of delightful but unsuspected roads, to bring back the listener at last with a keen consciousness that there is a good deal of undiscovered country about him, and that he was a dull fellow not to have known it before. The truth is that he can never get himself run away with in like fashion! And yet most of us would be more inspiring, more entertaining, and much wittier if we gave ourselves a chance to get on terms of intimacy with our own minds. Old Dyer had found, three centuries ago, the delights of this fellowship when he sang:

> My mind to me a kingdom is:
> Such present joys therein I find,

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That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind;
Though much I want which most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Signs of Delight

By J. E. Learned

If a man discern in himself such kinship with the heavenly bodies as, like them, to "be for signs," he will pretty surely find that, also like them, his function is "for seasons, and for days, and years." When I began to set down for these columns some notes of the merry sport of Signing, I thought to dismiss the matter with one or two short papers; but it would not be banished so easily. For, in the first place, the student of signboards will discover, after a time, that his subject haunts him, that what we may half-theologically call the direction of the attention becomes automatic and habitual with him; this fact of innocent and delightful recreation's passing into habit being here offered for encouragement of the optimists who hold that the present one is "the best of all possible worlds." And so it happens that, by virtue of this continued attention, my fresh memoranda of signboard humors are already more extensive than were those of which I made clearance in the former articles. Moreover, the readers of those articles have plainly signified pleasure in them—most preciously by contributions of material for future studies.

A very odd thing in the study of signs and of names and occupations generally is the revelation of the manner in which use and habit blind us to implications that should be obvious; we hardly think of the appropriateness or malappropriateness of names that are sufficiently familiar. Thus, to take some that are close at hand, do people commonly reflect that Pullman really is a strikingly odd title for a person whose business it is to pull men to and fro in many lands? or Fargo for an expressman who carries goods across a continent? How decently appropriate it is that Mr. Dun should conduct a collecting agency! And what supreme felicity in the name of Telfair for an "adjuster," whose computations and allotments of shares in loss or damage are binding upon all the conflicting interests that may be obliged to "go into general average"! Then, if we may involve the bench in our lightsome comment, what assurance of legal lore Judge Bookstaver's name suggests, with visions of underdone-piecrust-colored books in regiments, absolutely eviscerated by his energy of study! And even these books themselves afford us some material. The title "Coke upon Littleton" may cause in many a housekeeper renewed suspicion as to the amount of fuel-bills, while "Jarman on Wills" will perhaps less frequently but more deeply move to painful memory or solicitude in these times when contests of wills worth fighting over are almost the rule. Nothing more likely to jar men, or women either—in short, to create the real family jar—than almost any testamentary disposition, but particularly the fairest disposition imaginable, of any considerable estate. Forepaugh, for a circus and wild beast exhibitor, I should include among these familiar fit names but that it seems too fit to be real.

One of my obliging correspondents writes: "That A. Diamond & Co., in Park Row, should be pawnbrokers is perhaps only proper. A. Diamond might easily find it hard to keep out of a pawnshop." This reminds me that it is interesting, on the negative side, to observe that there is not a jeweler among all the Diamonds, Diamants, Diamands, Diamonts, Diamondsteins, of the directory; neither among Perlmans, Perlmanns, Perlsteins, Perlmutters, Perlhefters (a sad misfortune, this last!), nor Rubys, Saphirs, Saphirsteins, etc. On the other hand, one of the "honourable women" who have lent their aid to these papers writes: "Golden & Châtelaine are jewelers in Virginia City, Nev., having a branch of the business conducted by Mr. Golden alone in Carson." As for the pawnbroker here mentioned, we have to note the saving power of his "& Co." A Diamond, standing alone, would suggest but a pitifully mean scale of business; but A. Diamond & *Co.* opens wide the door to imagination; all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" may be included in that "Co.," which is capable of affecting the mind like the sign of the public-house in "Pickwick," which displayed "a large black board, announcing in white letters to an enlightened public that there were 500,000 barrels of double stout in the cellars of the establishment."

A recent letter incloses the card of "Penny and Gentles, Dry Goods and Millinery, S. W. Cor. Broadway and Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.," and asks: "If two business partners were to lay their heads together, and try to invent a firm name that would signify 'cheap prices and courteous treatment,' could they hit upon anything better than 'Penny and Gentles'?" The same letter contained this notice, cut from a college newspaper: "With the present number of the 'Collegian,' E. E. Gillespie retires from the staff, his place being filled by the election of F. W. Grabs, the former Exchange Editor." On this my contributor remarks: "The felicity of *Grabs* for the name of an exchange editor will commend itself to you." Another correspondent asks: "Do you know of Mr. Thorne, whose wagon may be seen in the streets delivering roses—'ne'er the rose without the Thorne'? And I have just seen a wagon that belonged to T. O. Morrow; he must be a Spaniard." Very pretty humor in this last remark of my correspondent, though it must have been easy for him, since he has had some experience of the *mañana* nation in New Mexico and on the Spanish-American border.

Probably few readers of The Outlook suspect that A. Elephant manufactures picture-frames on the East Side, where I saw his sign, probably in Norfolk or Essex Street, but the Directory refuses to verify it. There seems a singular incongruity in this delicate sort of work for A. Elephant, however industrious-minded he might be; and what havoc he would make among the frames and glasses if he should chance to "go must"! But for pure inappropriateness we must, for the present, give first place to the name of Mr. Guy Dauber, an English artist, whose work appeared in a recent London exhibition of paintings.

By way of contrast, I put together here a few examples of the opposite sort. If Mr. Dauber might have been predestinately deterred from painting by force of his name, M. Lumière, of Lyons, might by the same kind of force have been encouraged in his study of color-photography, and now he is actually reported to have perfected "a plan under which every color is reproduced by *light* itself without manipulation." In like manner Mr. D. Eggeling, of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, may have been encouraged into his business as importer of birds, and Mr. Joseph Racey, Captain of the Orange Wheelman, and a racer of repute, was perhaps invited to his swift career. And here, brought to me just now from the Catskills, is an address absolutely homogeneous in every part—Christian name, surname, town, and county; at the same time most charmingly in keeping with rural residence and wholly suggestive of it, so much so that it may seem to be a mere invention, yet is it perfectly veritable: "Olive Cherrytree, Oak Hill Greene County, New York."

The Colleges and the Road Movement

By Charles E. Pratt

It is a significant thing that some sixty Presidents of universities and colleges and many other professors in colleges and technical schools should have answered a circular letter addressed to them by a prominent agitator of the road question. It is still more significant that they should all show by their replies—extracts from which have been published—that they are intelligently, and most of them actively, interested in helping on this movement for reform. They are aiding it, not as politicians or as agitators or as reformers in first intent, but quite simply and appropriately as educators.

Great bridges are more impressive to the popular mind in their claim on educated construction and maintenance;

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but, save in the one aspect of safety against breakage, they require it no more than those parts of highways that have no water beneath. The economic questions of material, form, location, adequacy, cost, durability, availability, are involved everywhere. Carriage-road engineers are as requisite as railroad engineers. Moreover, in the present state of general knowledge of the matter, there is another point wherein education is even more needed. It costs money to have better roads. Yes. It is costing more money to have bad ones. That is what is to be taught and learned.

Vanderbilt University in Tennessee among the earlier ones, and the Lowell Institute in Massachusetts among the later ones, have done much by sound and practical popular lectures to instruct and stimulate the public on this subject. The University of Pennsylvania, through the activity and sagacity of Professor Lewis M. Haupt, C.E., at the head of its Civil Engineering Department, was perhaps the first, in the fall of 1889, to afford especial opportunity and incentive to the pursuit of this topic as a specialty. The opportunity was offered in the University, and has been increased and availed of ever since; while the incentive was extended far outside, at first by means of prizes openly offered and widely competed for by civil engineers and others, early in 1890, which brought out a large number of valuable essays and studies on the topic. The publication of the best of these very soon gave a strong impetus to the general consideration of these questions which was already springing up. This first considerable university educational impulse was financially aided by Mr. William H. Rhawn and his associates, constituting the Committee of Thirty (the early forerunner of the National League for Good Roads), and by the contributors whom they subsequently induced to co-operate with them.

The Massachusetts Institute of Technology took an advanced position in the fall of 1890, by adding to its already extended courses an instructorship—or establishing an "option," in the parlance of that institution—and promoting some especial investigations and acquisitions at home and abroad for the furtherance of education in road-making both inside and outside of the Institute. Since then, as the writer is most interestingly informed by a letter of President Walker, "an instructorship in this department has been filled by a competent engineer, F. E. Foss, A.M., C.E.; a very large road library has been collected in addition to what was formerly in our engineering library; road materials have been gathered for examination, and some experimental apparatus has been devised for tests of road material; instruction is now given to all students in civil engineering in the Institute, the scope of which will be found intimated in the volume [1] of notes by Mr. Foss—of course the lectures given extend and amplify the notes—and recitations and demonstrations of the subject-matter of the lectures are had to whatever extent is necessary to fully enforce the principles taught; during the past two years some special lectures have been given to the students by experts in special lines of road-building or highway engineering; in addition to the required instruction, students of civil engineering have been given the opportunity to carry on special work relating to roads and road-building in connection with their graduation thesis, under the supervision of Mr. Foss—last year two of the students made a careful study of the physical properties and relative durability of paving-brick, and another made a thorough study of the laying out and dividing up of a large tract of land of varying surface, with roads, etc."

It appears that in many of our colleges and scientific or technical schools road construction has been taught as part of the usual course in civil engineering for several years, more or less prominently. In the University of Illinois, as the Regent states, "the instruction is on the same basis and considered of the same importance as that of railroad engineering."

But during the past year more attention has been given to this subject than ever heretofore, not merely in the regular courses, but in addition to them for the students and by way of lectures to the public outside. Among conspicuous instances we may cite the work of the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia; Trinity College, in North Carolina; Trinity University, in Texas; the Arkansas Industrial University; Rutgers College, in New Jersey; and Harvard University, in Massachusetts. Professor N. S. Shaler, Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School, connected with the last-named University, is Chairman of the Massachusetts Highway Commission, appointed by the Governor; and Mr. W. E. McClintock, an expert in road-building, has been secured as instructor in the new department. Contemplated extensions in this direction for the coming year are reported from many others. President Andrews, of Brown University, in Rhode Island, interestingly says that he has been an advocate of this reform for years, having been awakened to its importance first from the economic side; "we would," he adds, "establish a regular professorship of road-engineering to-morrow if we had the funds with which to endow it."

That is a pertinent suggestion, and could doubtless be heartily seconded from many other colleges. Their endowments are either limited to other purposes, or are insufficient for the new work. Practical instruction in this direction is almost necessarily to be connected with sound and rather technical and abstruse theoretical education. The colleges are the best centers of light and influence in this great social and economic movement. What can the successful business man who has money to bestow, either by gift or by bequest, for the public good and his own permanent credit, better do with a few thousand dollars than to endow a professorship in road-engineering at his own or the nearest college?

[1] "Notes on Highways," by Fred. E. Foss. Boston, 1892.

The Greater Glory[1]

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.

(Begun in The Outlook for July 1.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.—*Continued*

The evening before, the good Father had sat, in all the coziness of drawn curtains and howling winds, warming his feet against the stove and his hands around his glass of steaming grog. The kettle was singing its agreeable promise of more. Father Bulbius felt comfortable, though lonely. For Veronica was away on her yearly visit to her friends in town.

"A holiday for me," Veronica used to say with some truth, "means two days of extra hard work." Undeniably, the catastrophe of the year in the Father's small household, whatever it might happen to be, would always choose the thirty-six hours of Veronica's absence to occur in. Nevertheless did she amply enjoy her excursion, on account of the manifold occasions for grumbling it was bound to afford. And the Father enjoyed his brief liberty in the pleasant prospect of her return.

He was sitting now luxuriating in the tranquil sadness of his reflections. There was much to grieve him in his present circumstances, and it pleased him to dwell thereon. The new master of Deynum, though indifference itself in all matters religious, had yet given encouragement, by the very fact of his Protestantism, to the persecuted heretics of the village. They were beginning to hold up their heads, and even—distinctly—to crow. And it was reported that the Baroness Borck of Rollingen—that Jezebel—had, during a state visit at the Castle, succeeded in arousing its owner's interest by a terrible account of the poor "Beggars'" sufferings and the bad impression these sufferings had created in the neighborhood. The Baroness Borck had been anxious for years to get a Protestant pastor appointed to Deynum, her own minister finding the double duty too heavy. Count Rexelaer, in his eagerness to conciliate the great people around him, would probably accede to her request, and a rival parsonage-house would arise on the village green. Meanwhile the Count had closed, and double-locked, the small chapel in the grounds.

Father Bulbius sighed, and gently sipped his grog. To-

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morrow evening Veronica would mix it. There would be less rum, but boiling water.

He was roused from his slumbrous regrets by a gentle knock at the front door. It was ten o'clock, and an ugly, windy, snow-tormented night. He started to his feet, hastily swallowing the too darkly colored mixture; his one thought was that something must have happened to bring Veronica back. Only she seemed to him strangely patient, as he slowly stumbled to the door.

He opened it, and there stood the Baron van Rexelaer.

"How do you do, Bulbius?" said the Baron. "Anybody with you besides Veronica?"

Father Bulbius burst into tears.

"Tut, tut," said the Baron, and hastily walked into the Sanctum.

When Father Bulbius joined him there a moment later, he was standing in the middle of the room. He had taken the shade from the lamp, and its full glare fell on all the piled-up lumber from the Castle. He looked much the same as ever, excepting that perhaps his bearing was a trifle more erect than in those last slow months of his suspense. As the priest stole in, he turned and replaced the lamp-shade.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" he said. "Anything new in the village?" Oh, yes, there were several things new in the village. Father Bulbius only muttered the name of some old creature recently dead.

"Dead," repeated the Baron, meditatively. He walked up the room once, and down it again, and then, stopping abruptly, "May I take off my cloak?" he asked. Father Bulbius fell forward in the eagerness of his response. He hung up the Baron's hat, without knowing it, on one knight's protruding visor, and over another's mailed shoulders he carefully and awkwardly spread his patron's well-remembered queer-fashioned Inverness. The dead soldier looked worse than grotesque under his plaid-lined mantle: he looked dumbly insulted. The Baron went over and removed it.

"The damp, you know," he said, apologetically, and began softly polishing the shining metal. Father Bulbius's soul burned with sudden shame.

He plied his guest with a number of questions, while pressing upon him the slippers he had just taken from his own feet. "I have others," he said, and went into his bedroom, and came back with a pair of galoches. And then, in sudden alarm at his overflow of curiosity, he excused it with the necessity of finding out the Baron's requirements. "And when has your Nobleness eaten last?" he said. "Ah, but I dread that the house contains nothing but bread."

"I want nothing, my friend," said Mynheer Rexelaer. "Mevrouw and the child are well, like myself. But how about Veronica? I miss her."

"Your Nobleness does her too much honor. She has gone to see her relations. Her usual visit, you remember."

"Oh, certainly," replied the Baron. "I hope she will find her aunt in health. It is fortunate, perhaps, that she should not be here. Ah no, I forgot; it is unfortunate," he added, rising hastily, and making for the door.

Father Bulbius intercepted him with wonderful plump alacrity. "The room upstairs is ready," he said, "or will be in a minute. As for supper, I will run over and see if Hendrika—"

"No, no, my good Father. To tell you the truth, I had not intended to disturb you. The last train having brought me to Deynum, I found myself unexpectedly in your porch. But it is quite time I left you in peace, and so I am going away again." He got his cloak and hat, overhearing the Father's anxious "Whither?" and stumbled along the passage. The Father followed in desperation. "But shall I not see your Nobleness again?" he almost sobbed. Suddenly the other turned and caught both his hands. "I am behaving like a brute and a fool," he said, thickly. "It is a great, true happiness to see your face again. May I stay, in spite of Veronica's absence? In spite of all the trouble I shall give?"

"Don't," replied the Father, vainly trying to steady the workings of his gutta-percha cheeks.

"But one thing you promise me. It is already past your bedtime. You go now, as if Veronica were here, and you leave me to sit up as long as I like—among these." He pointed to his refound treasures.

"But there is so much to speak of," pleaded Bulbius.

"There is not," repeated the Baron, wearily reseating himself. "To tell truth, I feel nowise inclined for sleep. I may take a short turn presently; I like the snow. Never mind me. I shall not set the house on fire."

"The whole house is at your Nobleness's service," said Bulbius. He could say that, freely, for the next four-and-twenty hours. "But see, Mynheer the Baron, it is not yet eleven?"

The Baron looked into his face and actually laughed: "And when was Father Bulbius ever known to resume his game," he asked, "when once the Castle clock"—the laugh died from his voice—"had struck the hour of ten?"

"To-day," said the Father, boldly, spreading his fat fingers on the table, "to-day, if your Nobleness pleases, he will play as long as you like."

"Nonsense, Bulbius, you never had a card in your house."

For only answer the priest went to his cupboard. "I have been obliged of late," he said, apologetically, "to play a little écarté by myself of nights. But I find it very dull work."

"So I can understand," replied the Baron, quite seriously, as he shuffled the cards. The old antagonists had settled down to their game almost before they realized what they were doing. It came as a relief from a well-nigh unendurable strain.

The wind struck against the casement, as they bent by the lamp. Father Bulbius looked up apprehensively. "Only bluster," said the Baron; "I mark the King." And in another moment the player's ambition had got hold of them and both were anxious to win. The Baron became so increasingly successful that Father Bulbius could hardly resist feeling a little annoyed. But no interest in his cards could keep his sleepy head from nodding, and at one time he had six cards in his hand, and about midnight he revoked. Then the Baron got up. "Just a whiff of air!" he said. "It will do me good. Give me your key, Bulbius, and if I find you up when I come back, I depart for good and all, as, perhaps, I ought to have done at first. Good-night."

The Father let him go, and then set about preparing the guest-chamber. A couple of the most richly framed lords and ladies which had been deposited here, he dragged away, with much labor and some damage to gilding, into Veronica's chamber. "Let the poor gentleman sleep, if he can," he said; he knew well enough where the Baron was gone. He came down, wiping his hot face. There was oil in the lamp; the fire would smolder on indefinitely. He sent up a little petition to his patron Saint to remind the hens of their duty for the morrow, and then—at last!—he sank on the bed to await his guest's return, and in another moment was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A STRANGE LIGHT AND NEW DARKNESS

Meanwhile the Baron van Rexelaer walked rapidly through the wind and dark. He had waited for the dark. "I shall take the last train," he had said to the Baroness, "and go to the inn. So doing, I shall see nobody till to-morrow."

"Why?" asked the Baroness. She could not understand this postponement of the inevitable. The quiet lady had steeled her heart in reposeful pride.

But the Baron, although unable to explain himself, felt that between to-day and to-morrow, if we live by emotions, would lie a long period of time. He must first see the place again, alone; he must fight his fight. When he had hurried away, three months ago, he had never hoped to return. Which of us, having buried our dead out of our sight, would bid love lift the coffin-lid?

"I *must* consult with Bulbius, but I shall not go up to the Castle." This thought had repeatedly risen to his lips; he had checked it; he did not want his courageous wife to consider him a coward. He crossed over to her and kissed her on the forehead where she sat in her high-backed chair by the poor little Pension window.

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That was not much more than half a dozen hours ago. He had promised his wife to eat something on his arrival; he did not like breaking even a trivial promise to his wife. He ought not to have minded giving Bulbius a little trouble. "I *am* a coward," thought the good gentleman, as he walked on through the silence. After midnight all Deynum, except its watchman, was asleep. Sometimes the watchman also.

In another moment he passed under the shadow of his own trees. Here the night lay pitchy dark, in spite of the driving snow, which melted as it fell. The Baron, hastening unhesitatingly on, emerged into the avenue. Then, suddenly, he became aware of a light approaching at the farther end, and stopped, disconcerted. Should he go back? As he stood staring stupidly at this twinkle in the distance, he became aware that it was stationary, and then he understood. An innovation. A lantern by the bridge. And in that small discovery the hopelessness of his loss fell upon him as it had never fallen before.

"They need not have broken their necks any sooner than we did," he muttered, bitterly. And presently he stood beside the water, shrinking from the tell-tale brightness of a varnished street-lamp of Margherita's erecting. Another glimmered half-way down the "Cour d'honneur." Right opposite towered the black mass of the Castle, with the wind howling round it, a melancholy wail.

The snow, which had been falling all night in fitful sweeps, now slowly checked itself, and, among lifting clouds, the outlines of the stately building stood dimly forth in a changeful play of light and shade. And instantaneously the whole of it, each nook and angle and curl of tracery, shone out into the darkness, illumined by his love. We are but sensuous creatures; talk as we will of visions of the mind, we see with our poor physical sight and with very little else. He stood staring, staring, as if his eyes could never drink their fill, and then a veil crept over them. When he looked again, the vision was newly shrouded in darkness; only a dull broad shaft still fell, from where the clouds were closing, across old Atlas, on the topmost pinnacle, bending beneath his world of cares. Another moment and this ray also had sunk from sight; the snow began to thicken upon the lessening wind. With a shuddering sigh the Baron turned to go. Ever afterwards he remembered that parting glimpse of the patient hero, beneath the drooping sky.

"Away!" he said, softly.

He crossed the sward, not without anxious glances towards the windows, behind which Hilarius and Margherita were peacefully slumbering, and crept towards the Holy Walk. Before returning to the Parsonage he must stand for one brief moment—and one brief prayer—among the dead in their unbroken rest. That alone would calm him. "I am a vainglorious old fool to have come," he told himself. And he thought of that repose which no agony of wounded pride can ruffle, and which comes so soon to all.

No light was burning in the chancel. He tried the door; it was locked. Never had the lamp hung thus extinguished during all the years the Baron could recall.

"They light up their own yard!" he said aloud. "God help me; I am becoming the bitterest of men!"

Half an hour later he was back in Father Bulbius's sanctum. Walking on tiptoe, he softly stirred the dying embers and drew forward a chair. The lamp burned low. The clock on the mantelpiece struck half-past one. And the sound suddenly told him that the stable clock at Deynum had not struck while he was out. He rose in some perturbation, wondering if anything could be wrong with it. And then he laughed; what was Count Rexelaer's stable clock to this stranger and sojourner?

No, he was more than that. Come what might, he was still the last of Deynum's historic lords. He strengthened himself in his seat, and then, drawing a bunch of keys out of his pocket, opened an oak chest which stood near. The keys of the Castle he could lose and had lost, but not these.

Presently Father Bulbius, awakening in dismay and discomfort, saw a light streaming through the chinks, and seized his unloaded revolver. And then he remembered that he himself had left the lamp on the table. "Dear me," he said, "I must have had a few minutes' nap," and he rolled off the bed, and was making for the door when his attention was arrested by the rustle of paper. Letting himself down somewhat laboriously to the keyhole, he saw in the gathering gloom of the silent study the Baron van Rexelaer, with parchments and papers heaped untidily around him, a yellow charter upon his knee. The Father crept back softly into bed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE

Next morning, over their frugal breakfast, the Baron explained to Bulbius the object of his coming. On leaving Deynum he had still lacked fifty thousand florins to pay off his debts. This money—not being able to touch the "Lady's Dole"—he had found himself obliged to borrow at ruinous interest, for six months. Not to have done so would have meant bankruptcy, disgrace.

"Bankruptcy is not always disgrace," interposed the Father, who prided himself on his knowledge of the world. "Yours would not have been."

"This loan, in any case, must be paid off," said the Baron, "before it reduces us to beggary. So I have made up my mind to sell whatever trumpery I still possess. I can't help it. It's no use fighting any longer against fate."

What could the Father reply? Three months ago he had advocated this sale. And the Baron had answered: Never to the one man who would buy. Father Bulbius regretted the Baron was so bad a man of business.

Confessor though he was, he knew nothing of his patron's money transactions. Do we ever confess? Even to ourselves?

"No use fighting against fate," repeated the Baron, thoughtfully, and then suddenly he burst out: "Observe my strange experience with the Marquis de la Jolais! I cannot make him out at all. It looks as if he did it on purpose. And if so, he acted a lie."

"I fear that is the only explanation, Mynheer," assented Father Bulbius, mournfully.

"So the Baroness tells me, and the Baroness is always right. But I cannot understand it! A La Jolais! Surely gentlemen do not lie!"

The Baron held a view—not a theory, for he did not consciously theorize—that men were turned out in groups, like machine-made statuettes. A soldier was a soldier, a sailor a sailor, and so on. Each group had its inevitable virtues—and vices; but the Baron noticed the virtues most.

He was agitated now; all references to Count Rexelaer's vile stratagem or marvelous good fortune upset him. Father Bulbius stole away on the plea of ordering some dinner from Hendrika, the landlady. It was during his absence that Reinout unexpectedly appeared before the Baron—Reinout, whose praises the Father had discreetly brought forward by an occasional word in a letter, a word that said little and left much to be divined. "I pity the child," said the Baron. He did not allude to the subject when the Father came back. Together they began looking over the scattered heirlooms and appraising them. Some of the pictures were valuable; the costliest plate had already been disposed of before. Both realized, with growing distinctness, that fifty thousand florins is a very large sum.

They were so occupied that a loud ring at the front door came upon them with a start of alarm. "Possibly a tramp," said the Father. The villagers usually went round to the back, there to be barked at by the now absent Veronica. Nobody ever rang.

With rumpled hair and dusty cassock, Father Bulbius went to open the door. His grumble changed to an uncomfortable smile of recognition in the presence of Count Hilarius van Rexelaer. That gentleman had never called at the Parsonage before.

"This way, if you please. This is my 'state' room,

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Heer Count," cried the Father in a flurry, shutting one door and opening another. The visitor entered an apartment whose chill glories—the pride of Veronica's cleansing—froze the marrow in his bones. Count Hilarius was a southernized Hollander. He looked round in dismay.

"Take a seat, Mynheer the Count," said the Father, benignly.

The Count's teeth chattered. He had intended to be circumspect, but the cold made him forget his diplomacy. "I came to ask you, Mynheer," he said, brusquely, "about the articles which have been removed from the Castle, and which you have in your keeping."

"They were excluded by the contract, Mynheer," cried Bulbius, in a flutter.

The Count arched his sandy eyebrows. "I should hardly have waited so long," he said, "had that not been the case. But I am anxious, if possible, to acquire them. Strum says all the cupboards are locked, but I should like to see the other things." He paused inquiringly.

"That is quite impossible," replied Father Bulbius, with a vehemence born of agitation. "I may show them to no one."

Count Hilarius felt the cold settling on his bald head. He put on his hat, and he also rose from the red velvet sofa.

"You misapprehend me," he said, stiffly. "I wish only to see the pictures, the armor, etcetera. All these things are heirlooms which should remain with the family, and should never have left the Castle. I am going to offer my cousin, Baron Rexelaer, to repurchase them."

"I can show you nothing, Mynheer the Count," repeated Bulbius in a tremble. "I am very sorry. It is quite out of the question." Would his visitor never go?

But the visitor, who had only been one moment in the house, already felt quite willing to leave it. He was furious at this behavior from his parish priest, and he hurried out into the hall, drawing his fur coat around him.

In his haste—or was it done intentionally?—he threw open the wrong door and walked straight into the Sanctum. The Baron was not there—Bulbius gave a gasp of relief—but the whole room was littered with his treasures.

Count van Rexelaer's eyes traveled slowly over the open cupboards and boxes and their scattered contents. At last they arrested their pale gaze on the Father's burning face, and Bulbius read an accusation in them which was simply monstrous.

"I had understood that these receptacles were locked," said Count Rexelaer at last. "If their owner left them in this peculiar condition, he cannot have attached much importance to their contents."

Father Bulbius felt utterly annihilated.

"If," repeated the Count with unmistakable stress. Meanwhile his eyes literally danced and gloated over all these glories of his house. He had never beheld any of them before.

"The Baron begged me to arrange them," stammered Bulbius.

"Indeed? And do you do so every day?" Count Hilarius was furious to think of these inestimable splendors abandoned to an ignorant and unscrupulous priest. He had brought away with him from Rio the conviction that all priests were unscrupulous. He stamped his foot in his agitation. "I distinctly understood from Strum," he continued, "that these cases were locked."

"You accuse me of neglecting my trust, Mynheer?" cried the Father, losing patience.

"I said no such thing. Had I wished to do so, I should not have used the word 'neglecting.'"

"Violating, perhaps," screamed the Father, bounding like a fiery ball. He cast prudence to the winds. O this Protestant upstart! All the wrongs of the flock flared up in the shepherd's heart, like tallow round a wick.

"You forget yourself," said the Count, stiffly. "I came here because I am anxious Baron Rexelaer should be informed of my offer to purchase these articles for which he can have no further accommodation. If that be part of your duty as a caretaker"—he had all a little soul's spite, and was now intentionally insulting—"have the goodness to transmit my message immediately. I should certainly have preferred, if possible, his answering me himself." He leant against the same inlaid gentleman who, the night before, had resented the Baron's Inverness, and his eyes rested scornfully on the Father.

"He will do so at once," said a cold voice behind him. "Would you have the kindness to lean less heavily, Mynheer?" A gray gentleman—gray of hair not only, but of face and eyes—stood in a door which had suddenly opened in the wall. Count Rexelaer knew immediately who the strange gentleman was. "I—I," he stammered, altogether disconcerted, "I was not aware—I am Count Rexelaer."

"I could not help hearing you, Mynheer, from the adjoining room. I am the owner of this lumber. It seems simpler to tell you at once that I shall never sell any of it to *you*."

All the words were calmly polite, excepting that final, over-emphasized "you." "But why?" pleaded the other, somewhat recovering his sangfroid. "The things are wanted at Deynum. They have left horrible, noticeable gaps"—a flash of satisfaction died across the Baron's eyes—"and as head of the family—"

"Stop," interrupted Baron Rexelaer in a voice of thunder. "God knows I do not wish to be discourteous, but never shall I allow you to use those words to my face!"

"The higher title—" burst in Count Hilarius, fiercely, while Father Bulbius shrank aside.

"Pooh!" said the Baron, more calmly. "Money, even such money as yours, Mynheer, can buy almost all things nowadays. But it cannot buy—and you know it cannot—one drop of the blood of these." He laid his hand quite gently on the shoulder of the knight beside him. To him, at that moment, the empty armor was a living presence. "There, there," he continued, softly. "I have no wish to insult you. I cannot give you these things, because you would make them live a daily lie. Surely you can understand that. If you like, you may have the silver; your father, wrongly enough, was permitted to assume our arms, and you may buy the forks and spoons."

"And the archives?" cried the Count.

Mynheer van Rexelaer looked at him and smiled.

"I will take nothing!" screamed Hilarius. "Mind you, you"—he turned to Bulbius—"and you! I came here in all charity to see what could be done. It is unwise to anger me. Rexelaer or not, I still am Lord of Deynum." He ran out into the passage. This time he found the front door.

"Of course he is not of the family," said Bulbius, wiping his face. "How could I ever think he was?"

"I am sorry," said the Baron.

Count Hilarius ran home in a rage, and, as misfortunes never come singly, he was stopped in his own park by a man who had evidently been waiting for him there.

"A word with you," said the man.

The Count drew back. He was no craven.

"Let me pass," he said, haughtily.

"One moment. This girl. The child lives."

"What girl?" cried the Count, impatiently.

"Villain, have you such wealth of choice? Dora Droste."

"I know nothing of what you mean," replied the Count, endeavoring to push past. "Who are you? You have no business in this park."

"You know who I am. I have told you before. Not that it matters. I have nothing in common with the girl but her misfortune." The fellow, a miserable-looking creature, held one lean arm across the path.

"If you want to extort money, you won't get it," said the Count, pressing forward.

"You will do nothing for the girl?"

"No." Count Rexelaer lifted his cane.

The fellow struck it aside, and, in doing so, knocked over his puny antagonist, saw him topple back into the slush, and ran off and out of sight.

[To be continued]

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The Home

The Political Opportunity of Women

All over the country the elections this fall present moral issues. In natural connection with this feeling, women are taking a more or less active interest in the campaign. This interest manifests itself in various ways; in some places it has taken the form of a mass-meeting to consider how they can influence votes, causing them to fall in the right direction, that "bossism" and its attendant evils may be overcome.

Every one knows that "bossism" is the result of organization; that the reason that a certain group, collection, or organization of men secures political ascendency is because of strong and uninterrupted organization for the sole purpose of acquiring and controlling political power—that is, votes. There is but one way to meet such organization, and that is by organization. Not the spasmodic organization resulting from feverish protests against existing evils, but organization to secure political power for the opposite ends to those of the "boss's" machine; not for private gain, but for public good.

We suffer from misgovernment, not because the majority of voters are evil, but because there are so many thousands of voters who take but a passive interest in politics; because there are so many thousands who are too indifferent to vote, justifying themselves on the ground that the men nominated for the offices are not qualified to fill them. Why are they nominated? Because the "boss" and his organization control the primaries. Because the moral voter exercises but half his suffrage privileges he limits his power as a citizen to casting a ballot. If the moral voter ignores his opportunity to compel every man filling a public position to recognize that public office is a public trust; if he neglects to protect his rights by indicating the kind of man who may have his vote, it is his shame, his crime, not the crime of an impersonal power. Every citizen is a factor in government. He secures good government or bad as he is active or passive.

Women can have a tremendous influence in bringing about the overthrow of the great political machines that disgrace our civilization. If every woman would influence her husband, son, brother, friend, to join and actively support some reputable political organization, whose aim is to compel and maintain good government, she would be a factor in politics; she would secure that for which she is working through less direct channels—good schools, clean streets, honest administration of public funds. For the present this is her opportunity. If the larger comes, her present interest will be the promise of her ability and her wish to use it.

A woman indifferent to the present evils, especially in municipal government, gives no promise of making better use of the ballot than the man whose power is not felt in the primaries to prevent unqualified, unequipped men securing the nominations.

Voting alone is not the surety of good government; it is the intelligent moral interest that precedes and follows election.

There is more real religion in baking a loaf of sweet bread than in going to a church meeting and letting the bread get sour. The Christianity of a clean, wholesome, and well-regulated home is of more consequence than most folk think.—*Hiram Golf.*

Nervous Children and How to Help Them

By Grace C. Kempton

A normal child is born with a free body and a power for well-balanced activity. In rest he gives up his whole weight, and in action seldom wastes force. But all children are not normal, and many who are normal at birth fall into nervous habits and disorders during their earliest years.

In order to protect the normal condition we must closely observe it. In order to develop normal action and reaction we must know definitely what we want.

Watch the breathing of a healthy baby. See how easily each breath is drawn and how evenly! see how loosely and heavily the child's body lies upon the bed when he sleeps! watch his eating and his motion, and from him you will get many practical suggestions. Acquire the freedom, balance, lightness in action, weight in rest, and ease, yourself, and you will be in a position to lead children on in a natural way. Grow trustful in the way that little children are trustful, and great light will be given you to preserve their trust, which is a part of their normal life. Two-thirds of the nervousness of little children is caused by their personal surroundings.

Each normal child is made in harmony with Nature's laws; to serve his best development we must make the conditions of his life agree with these same laws. We must work with Nature, not in opposition to her. Let the children grow as the daisies do; let us interfere only when we must, and the growth will be sure and strong.

A healthy baby will gain by lying unattended for an hour or more at a time. A baby trained by habit to go to sleep unrocked has begun the lesson of quiet in both body and mind. Hands off! we must read on the brow of the well-cared-for child, who, happy in his independence, would fret himself into nervousness had he interfering attendance. Make the baby comfortable in every way, then let it alone, if you want healthy nerves and a good child. Sincere watching of free and normal action will picture it in your mind. Hold to this picture, neither allowing the child to interfere nor interfering yourself. Think of yourself as the remover of obstacles to the child's growth, not as one who would mold at personal will the sensitive and fertile material. Law will do this; you must serve law. Emotional excitement or punishment is an interference, and therefore causes a nervous condition. The feelings of a child wrought to a high pitch over some misdeed, recover with a debt of waste to the beautiful forces of his nature.

All the processes applied to a little child should be simple, and planned to be as gentle as possible, and still impress. Not to interfere with the child's body, as by the omission of a meal, the influence of fear, of confinement, or other conditions of growth; nor to interfere with the child's trust by impatience, anger, or other unjust retribution, is a first lesson. What wonder a child becomes unquiet if it is shocked by those who should nurture!

A sculptor looking for beauty in a piece of marble would know that he would fail should he knock and hit with his tool each part which displeased him. Yet the little child daily receives similar shocks to his exquisite organization by interference and unquiet treatment.

The same law which makes the bud bloom, and causes the tide to go and come, is at work in the little child. We must reverence that law if we seek the child's harmony, liberty, and happiness. Establishing nature as our guide, we shall get more light constantly on the orderly development of our children.

Nature's rhythm for rest and action is exact. Why not let the children, even the older ones, fall in with it? They will as surely reap good results as the cows and hens.

Imagine a hen clucking her brood out after the sun had given to all its invitation to rest! Yet many a mother decks her children and leads them forth at the hour which usually finds them asleep. And the mother has a mind with which to appreciate order, health, and harmony!

The high pressure of the day has a strong tendency to develop nervous disorders in children. Only a firm and

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determined effort for simplicity can withstand the strength of the current. Simple tasks, simple foods, simple recreations, will all help to keep the faces fresh and the bodies orderly. The friction caused by family hurry injures children's nervous systems. Rushing to school from the table, to trains, etc.—all is an expensive drain upon the nervous forces.

Little troubles which no one has time to soothe or explain make a demand upon the sensitive system of a child which we cannot calculate. To avoid this we must train the child to regard little troubles as *little*. We must throw a light of peace and strength on disturbing happenings, and the child unconsciously will form the same habit. Observation will show that children often reflect the nervous condition of those about them, the nervous attitudes and habits. The power to sleep at will can be cultivated in every child, and no trouble should be spared to do it. It may take weeks or even months of patient effort, but the reward is very great. Different ways are needed, but with the majority simple means are successful. Make the child's body comfortable, see that he is neither hungry nor thirsty, that he has fresh air, is warm, and all previous conditions happy in a quiet way. This will be enough; an obedient, normal child will be soothed by the good conditions, and will soon, upon lying still, fall asleep. With an excitable child only a few minutes' quiet should be required on the first day. These few minutes can be so gradually lengthened that the child will feel no pressure, and will gradually learn that, with obstacles removed, sleep can come.

This training saves little children much weariness and fatigue. On a journey, during a tiresome visit, or under other trying circumstances, a nap comes easily, and smooths the rough place. I have seen children sleeping refreshingly in a railway-car, instead of wearing themselves and others with fret from need of rest.

Another cause of the highly strung nervous system in the children of this century is the large amount of reading-matter that is permitted them. Much of it has no invigorating influence; it is a crude mass, and affects the child as such. A wise mother allowed her daughter of twelve one new book a year, and that a good one. This book, with those of former years, could be read and re-read. This might be an extreme plan for a child of less imaginative temperament, but in the case cited it made a far simpler matter of brain impression, and did its part to prevent the much-dreaded nervousness.

Nature is a safe companion and playmate and teacher for children. Unite them to her in every way, and the nerves of each child will grow more orderly. The sweet breath of a cow, and contact with her slow and peaceful animal existence, has never been known to do aught but help a child to the same sort of low tension. The child's way of being led must be unconscious as far as possible. He has so recently departed, if at all, from nature's paths that the association with creatures whose lives are in touch with nature's laws is often sufficient to help him back.

Housework in its right proportion and under true conditions is a nerve-trainer to growing children, and helps to order the forces of body and mind healthfully. Housework, to be helpful, must be regular, and filled with interest and energy. Out-of-door work is good for children, if it is happily done.

The best influence from outdoor work is in company of a maturer mind, who can introduce the working children to the habits of the plants and animals among which they work. This keeps the work alive with thought and interest, and prevents monotony.

The study of any natural science has a definite influence against nervous disorder, when systematically taught. On the other hand, avoid your children's coming into contact with that which is startling and unnatural. Placards and posters advertising the theaters, with newspaper stories and head-lines, may be the causes of much distress to the mind of a child, and bear rapid fruit of nervous tension and waste.

The exercises given in a previous paper may be used with children, to whom they are of great benefit. But here they must be made more passive, and given very playfully.

"Be my pussy," you say to a tired child. "Ah! pussy lies so still; sometimes she hangs her head down so," and you illustrate with your own head, making it free and loose.

"Now, pussy, I will lift your paw." And you do it, while the child gives up its hand passively. You approve, and pet and praise, not the child, but the cat. And if the child resists, you show him how far from like a pussy he is. The most nervous children can be relaxed in ways of this kind. Older children may do the exercises very slowly, and for only a few minutes at a time.

The prevailing school system is a hot-house for nervous tension. The objects, chiefly external, are emphasized by methods calculated to impress every pupil. The children of sensitive natures are, therefore, over-impressed. The child must be prepared by a training *not to worry*, not to be over-anxious, and be taught himself to substitute higher motives and ends than the rank he holds in his class. The pressure in school life causes children to bite their fingers and nails, twist their hands, and resort to many other nervous habits which can by gentle but incessant watchfulness be stopped.

The child should be taught to stand with the body erect, feet firmly planted upon the floor, arms hanging loosely and heavily at the sides, and the fingers all free; he should be taught to keep this attitude while reciting, and in every work to use only the part of the body needed for that work; everything else should be quiet. Never let a child hear of his nerves, except physiologically, as marvelous servants—messengers between the world and his brain. A pitiful thing it is to hear a little child say, "I am too nervous to read."

Systematic training of the senses tends to equalize nervous forces, and is, therefore, opposed to "nervousness." The body must be trained to be quiet, then each sense is exercised in a progressive manner, while by the whole quiet is maintained.

A Pressing Condition

That we face a winter during which there will be great suffering among the poor is now a well-established fact. Thousands of families who have never known want will become familiar with it this winter. To those people who have become more or less intimate with the inside of relief and charity dispensing offices, the winter will be the usual one.

But to thousands of families, who have never broken the bread of charity, this winter will witness the death of self-respect. The means for helping the self-respecting poor man and woman to get work are so inadequate that they must accept charity. There are several organizations that aim to secure work for those who apply for relief, but the public will not support these organizations by purchasing the fruit of such labor. Passing recently the office of an employment bureau that was established in 1854 for the purpose of giving work to needy women, the writer thought she would go in and see what prospect there was for securing work for a poor woman who, it was known, had not had a breakfast the day before.

The woman is nursing a baby one year old, and has a daughter of fourteen, deficient in intellect, and a boy of seventeen who can do only work for which the lowest wages are paid, so ignorant and stupid is he. The writer found the front office, where the goods made by the women to whom work is furnished are sold, comfortable, neat, orderly, and in charge of an intelligent young woman who was cutting out hickory shirts. The following conversation took place:

"I came in to see what arrangements could be made to secure plain sewing, such as you could give to an unskilled worker, for a poor woman who needs work very much."

"Five dollars will have to be deposited, and then you can send a worker here for one year."

"How much work will you give her?"

"We will give her two garments a week."

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"How much can she earn?"

"From fifty cents to one dollar a week, according to the kind of sewing she does."

"Could you not give her more than that if it was proved that her needs were very great?"

"No; we would be glad to, but we cannot. If we could sell the goods after they were made, we could give a great deal more work. But people do not buy; they go to the stores."

The writer then asked to see some hickory shirts that were in the window. They were shown to her. The price was seventy-five cents, and the woman who made them got twenty-five cents each for the making. The garments were well made, with the exception of the buttonholes. They were all made by hand with strong thread. A woman with any ability in the use of her needle ought to be able to make two a day. Aprons, white and gingham; wrappers, well cut and made; underwear, plain as well as elaborate, of good shape and honest workmanship, were folded in piles. The very woman who will hand out money this winter to relieve a family—and it will be only temporary relief—might do a much kinder as well as more gracious act by purchasing the garments she needs for her family at this or similar organizations, for they exist everywhere in some form.

The charity bureaus appeal again and again to the public to patronize their wood-yard. If they can sell the wood cut, they can afford to give men work. They ask that the public will buy their brooms and brushes, that they may give work to those who ask for food and shelter. The dear public will put its name down for donations to the organizations, it will wipe its moist eyes over the tale of woe of some poor individual or family, and even give liberally for their immediate relief, but it will not take the trouble to make itself familiar with the effort that is being constantly made to provide work for the idle and the unskilled.

Want of work will be the cause of poverty this winter, and every family that can purchase labor should do so. It will not, perhaps, be as glorifying a method to wear the old cloak or coat, and thus to be able to give more work on other things to those who need it, but it will be a much more character-building process than the chance giving of change when the emotions are stirred.

If ever there was a time when people needed to be generous, it will be this coming winter. But the generosity should not be the chance, hurried giving of the moment, but should be through definite, well-known channels, if it is to reach those who would feel hunger much less a burden than beggary.

A Public Benefactor

A teacher in one of the public schools in Brooklyn has offered a prize for the best collection of leaves made by her pupils. It is said that this has created an intense interest in botany in her class, which shows itself in very much better text-book work. Squeers forestalled education by a great many years when he taught the boy to spell "horse" and then go and curry one. One of the pathetic things about our system of education, when the teacher is a teacher from necessity and not from choice, is that the pupil literally goes through the world having eyes and seeing not, and having ears and hearing not, because the power that is within himself is not developed. He is too often made a receptacle for words—a human phonograph, who is expected to give back just what has been put in, in its original form, not changed by the individual use he has made of those words. The teacher in Brooklyn may never be known by name, but she certainly will leave her impress on the plastic germ of immortality intrusted to her care. It is safe to say that her boys will not spend their summer vacations playing billiards, nor her girls embroidering purple dogs against a green sky, when they reach maturity. The woods will offer more interesting objects than Broadway. To give the exploring spirit to a little child is to start growing that which may prove to be a scientific mind.

A Common Danger

Dr. Draper, of Boston, according to the "Evening Post" of New York, says:

As much as possible—in a more popular vein than a medical treatise—should be printed regarding the effects of water-gas, which is seven times as poisonous as the old sort of illuminating gas. If the public understood it, there would be more care exercised, and some falling off in cases of death would surely be the result. The accidental deaths would certainly be decreased, and those who had the care of travelers or the sick would be on the lookout for people with suicidal tendencies. The water-gas is such a terribly malodorous extract that it would seem, with a little watchful care, that its escape could be more easily detected than it seems to be where people inhale it.

The Gas Commissioner of Boston says that many of the deaths attributed to suicide are accidental:

Frequently [he says] a draught coming into a sleeping-room will pass through out of a window near a gas-jet and easily put out a flame. It is bad stuff to fool with. The trouble is, people do not half understand how dangerous it is. If they did, they would never fall asleep with it burning in the room.

A prolific source of danger is in the gas-cocks; too often they are without stops, and the turning first turns the gas off, extinguishing it, and then turns it on again, allowing it to escape. Unless the cock turns to a positive stop it is out of order, and should be attended to. Every gas-burner should be protected by a globe; this prevents contact with inflammable materials, and protects the burning gas from a draught.

Picked Up

Some one has suggested for dusting hard-wood floors, a flannel bag of dark woolen cloth fastened on a broom. This enables the sweeper to dust out the corners.

At the Inter-State Fair of New Jersey special inducements were offered to women. The result was that the feature of women's exhibits surpassed those of preceding years. A special prize was offered for the best loaf of bread, and over eight hundred loaves were entered in competition.

Mr. J. Howard King suggested the design for the King Memorial Fountain at Albany, N. Y., which has been most beautifully executed by Mr. Rhind. Moses was the subject suggested by Mr. King, and Mr. Rhind chose the smiting of the rock of Horeb as the incident in the design. Rocks taken from Storm King, and forming a base twenty-nine feet high above the basin, support the figure of Moses in bronze, of heroic size. Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age are the other figures in bronze, all seeking to secure water from the cascades flowing down the rocks. The models for the figures were Hebrews.

The Japan "Gazette," published in Yokohama, was edited by a woman, who has been deposed through a change of proprietorship. In her valedictory she says: "It has been urged more than once that under the present editorship it has been impossible for our contemporaries to write freely; but when we recall the fact that we have been termed a liar and a virago, likened to a senseless creature who pokes the fire from the top, stigmatized as an irate female, a female fibber, and alluded to in a variety of other amicable ways, we are tempted to wonder to what limits journalistic freedom aspires to soar." She also bids farewell to her position in these words:

I leave thee not with vain regret,
Nor yet with vow to thee forget;
A man, I might have filled thee yet,
My Editorial Chair!

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Oussiat and the Wampum Belts

By Francis S. Palmer

In Two Parts—II.

The next morning they hurried through the mile of woods that separated the village from the river where the bear-trap was set. Reaching the little ravine through which the river ran, they looked down, hoping to see a trapped wolf. But in this they were disappointed. Instead of a wolf, there lay on the ground, both of his feet fast in the trap, an Indian. He was busy trying to free himself, and had not noticed their quiet approach.

Cyrille was about to call out and run to the man's assistance, when Oussiat stopped him. "Wait," he whispered; "that is not a man from our village, or from any Huron village. He is an Iroquois. Be careful."

Cyrille, followed by Oussiat, stepped forward slowly, holding his gun in readiness. "What are you doing here?" he said when the man turned his head and saw them. "Why is an Iroquois so near a Huron village?"

The man leaned back on his arm, looking as dignified as he could. "I come in peace to the Hurons," he said—"a messenger of the Iroquois. I am a chief and an orator of the Onondaga Nation, and am skilled in explaining the wampum belts. This morning, on my way to the village, I saw an otter in a trap; and when I went up to him, wondering at the thick fur of the otters in the Huron country, I stepped into this trap. Free me and lead me to the chiefs. Here are the wampum belts which prove me to be a peace-messenger."

He took from his shoulder a thong that held a sheaf of deerskin, carefully closed and tied. Unrolling it, he showed two broad belts, richly worked with wampum beads. Oussiat took them in his hand, holding them up as if to admire the beauty of the bead-work. He studied them carefully. Cyrille had stooped to help the man free himself from the trap, when a sudden movement by Oussiat made him look up. Oussiat had raised his knife, and in another moment would have buried it in the man's back. Cyrille forced back the uplifted arm. The Iroquois turned his head and glanced at them suspiciously, but not in time to see the gleam of the knife.

Oussiat spoke quickly in French. "I can read these belts, and if this man lives and takes them to the Huron chief it means death to the French. I heard them explained at a big council of the Iroquois. One belt does mean peace. But the other means war—not to Indians, but to Frenchmen. It was made and carried among the tribes three years ago, when the Iroquois declared war against the French. This man comes to offer peace to the Hurons if they will join the Iroquois against the French. The wise-men and wampum-readers of the Hurons can read these belts, and will know that the messenger of the Iroquois comes in good faith. The Hurons will accept the offer; for there is nothing they desire so much as peace with the Iroquois. That is why I wish to kill this man; his death would save the French at the Huron missions."

"If he did not have the belts, would they believe him to be a real peace-messenger?" asked Cyrille.

"No; for the Hurons fear Iroquois trickery. But these belts of wampum are sacred among all the northern nations; they are pledges of good faith."

Cyrille took the belts, and, stepping back a little, began cutting them into small pieces.

At sight of this sacrilege the Iroquois cried out in angry astonishment, and made desperate efforts to tear himself free, but the great trap held him fast. Oussiat looked on silently, absorbed in thought.

"You were right to stop me from killing this man," he said at length. "For he is my brother. I am not a Huron; I despise the Hurons. To-day I have been a traitor to them; for they greatly wish to be friends with the Iroquois. But I love you and the priests who have been good to me, so I have done this thing."

Cyrille having completely destroyed the belts, Oussiat told the Iroquois chief that he should be freed if he would promise to leave at once the Hurons' land, without trying to see their chiefs. "For," said he, "I can read the belts, and know what they mean. If you will not promise this, I must kill you."

He looked so sober and determined that the chief did not dare object to his terms. The chief gave the promise, and a moment later was freed and had disappeared in the forest.

"An Iroquois chief never lies," said Oussiat. "The French at the Huron villages are safe for the present. But the Fathers must be quick to find a way to keep the Hurons faithful. The Iroquois will send another messenger and other belts."

The boys went back to the village, and Cyrille told Father Ragueneau of what had happened. A runner was sent to Quebec for aid, and in a few days a company of soldiers arrived at Sainte Marie. Later in the autumn the priests suspected that another peace embassy came from the Iroquois. But if this was so, the presence of the soldiers kept the Hurons faithful to the French.

In the winter, when the swamps were frozen and a crust had formed over the snow, and it was good traveling on snow-shoes, Cyrille was waked one night by Oussiat, who stole into his lodge. Oussiat had on a fur suit, and carried his snow-shoes.

"Good-by," he whispered. "I am going to my own people. I cannot make myself a Huron, and I cannot make myself a white man. I am an Iroquois, and my place is with them. If I could make myself into a Frenchman I would stay with you and the Fathers. But it is no use. So I am going. Even if the Iroquois do not kill me for telling you the secret of the wampum belts, you will never see me again—nor hear of me, for I will change my name. Good-by."

Cyrille saw that his mind was made up, and did not try to stop him. The Hurons thought Oussiat had started on a moose-hunt; and as the days went by and he did not return, they decided that he must have been killed while hunting.

But years afterwards Cyrille heard men talking of a great Iroquois war-chief who, in spite of the constant fighting between his people and the Hurons, would lead no war-party across the St. Lawrence River, and who could speak the language of the French and befriended the Jesuit missionaries who went among the Iroquois.

Clams and Clamming

By Gustav Kobbé

What do you think of a baby that can say "clam" as soon as it can say "papa" or "mamma"? Every baby in Parkertown can. Once, while I was visiting a life-saving station on Sandy Hook, a woman came over from Parkertown to see her husband, and with her came a young mother with her baby.

"Where's papa?" she asked the baby.

"Clams!" said the latter.

The baby was right. The father was clamming; and, for that matter, so was nearly all the rest of male Parkertown; while among the women of the place, many were also hunting the succulent bivalve, and as many more opening and bunching clams for the wholesale shippers.

Parkertown is on the Navesink River, N. J., not far from the famous Highlands of Navesink lights, and opposite the Sandy Hook peninsula. The clam is to Parkertown what the whale once was to Nantucket. Parkertown literally lives on clams. It not only eats clams for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but earns its living by selling the clams it doesn't eat. Parkertown is therefore a clamming village; just as almost every village on the New England coast is a fishing village. The most typical objects you see along the shore of a fishing village are dories and nets. But along the Parkertown shore you see neither of these. Boats there are in plenty; but they are flat-bottomed, shallow-water boats, such as are needed to navigate the shoal spots of the Navesink; and instead of nets you see large rakes with curved prongs and very long handles. The head-pieces

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of the rakes rest on cross-sticks in the sterns of the boats, the long handles trailing in the wake. This is the regulation outfit of the "clam-chugger."

Chugging is the most usual method of capturing the bivalves. The chugger rows out to deep water and lowers the rake almost to the end of the long handle. No exertion on his part is required to make the forty curved prongs grip into the soft bottom of the river. The drift of the boat with wind and tide, combined with its motion as it rides the waves, does that. But in rough water, in fact at any time, it is hard work drawing up the long rake with its heavy load of mud, sand, and—the chugger hopes—clams. If, as the prongs dig into the river-bed, a gritty sound travels up the handle to greet the ears of the alert chugger, he knows that, when he raises the prongs to the gunwale and allows the mud and sand to drain off, he will find some clams. That gritty sound is sweetest music to the clam-chugger. When the boat is full of clams, the chugger pulls the heavy cargo ashore and hauls it up on to the beach. He then throws the clams into baskets and trundles these on a wheelbarrow to his shanty, where they are opened and bunched for shipment. If a chugger can capture three thousand clams a day, bringing him in about $2, he considers business decidedly brisk. His catch often falls below, rarely exceeds, that quantity.

The boys and women of Parkertown practice more primitive methods of capturing clams. They rake, hoe, or tread for them. These means can be employed only in shallow water—water shallow enough for wading. The raker, or hoer, uses the ordinary implements of agriculture, but instead of cultivating a vegetable garden he is tilling a clam garden on the bed of the river, wading as he does so. Treading for clams is the special occupation of women. You will see a barefooted woman pull her boat from Parkertown half-way across the river to the little sedgy island which is part of the Sandy Hook reservation, and, having clambered over the gunwale, wade in the shallow water, towing the boat behind her. Every now and then she will reach down into the water and then throw the clam on which she has trodden into her boat. Some women who are not fortunate enough to own a boat tread in the shallows along the Parkertown shores with a tub in tow.

For men must work
And women must weep—

but at Parkertown women have no time to weep. They must be treading for clams, or opening and bunching them.

Nearly every morning in summer travelers on the Sandy Hook steamers see in lower New York Bay a fleet of small sloops with jibs lowered, and apparently riding at anchor. Most people mistake them for fishermen. But they are clam-dredgers. They, too, use rakes, but these are attached to long lines instead of to handles. Bringing the sloops almost up to the wind, the dredgers allow them to go ahead just enough to cause the prongs to bury themselves into the bottom of the bay as they drag along. Many of these small vessels belong to Parkertown, and, when they come to anchor there, wagons are driven into the water alongside of them, and they discharge their catch into these.

In winter the ice often makes far out from the Parkertown shore, and over this the chuggers are obliged to drag their boats and then stand up and brave the bitter winds. The women break holes in the ice, and hoe through them for clams. Such hardships must these people endure in earning a bare living.

When, in 1609, Henry Hudson anchored the "Half-Moon" in the Horseshoe at Sandy Hook, he found clam-fishermen there. They were redskins of the Lenni Lenape tribe. The Lenni Lenapes have long since disappeared, but the clam-fishermen are still there. They live in little shanties built on small scows to which they tie their boats. They drift down in their shanties from Parkertown in the early spring, and drift back again in the late fall. A few miles up the river is a cove which has been called Spermaceti since 1668, when a whale was captured there. At Spermaceti is a permanent settlement of the scow-dwellers. In open weather they anchor their queer little dwellings in the cove, hauling them in winter up to some sheltered spot among the sedges and stunted trees. Quite a number of the clamming sloops make Spermaceti their anchorage in open weather, and also go into winter quarters there. A floating grocery is one of the features of the settlement in summer.

The clams captured in the waters of New York and New Jersey are quahaugs—the round or hard clam, invariably called on bills of fare "Little Necks," after Little Neck on Long Island Sound. The fishery, or rather the "chuggery" and "dredgery," is an important shore industry. The value of the rakes, dredges, and other implements used in the New York and New Jersey waters alone is about $20,000, and the latest annual statistics show a catch of over seven million pounds, valued at over $1,000,000.

Do you wonder, therefore, that a Parkertown baby can say "clam" as soon as it can say "popper" and "mommer"?

Sunday Afternoon

Consenting unto Wrong [1]

By Lyman Abbott

And when the blood of thy martyr Stephen was shed, I also was standing by, and consenting unto his death.—Acts xxii., 20.

Paul had not cast a stone, he had not uttered a vote, he had not joined in the rabble and the mob—he had simply stood by and consented; and because he had stood by and consented to a great crime he felt, and justly felt, that the blood of the martyred saint was upon his hands. It was as if he had cast the stone, it was as if he had given the vote, it was as if he had joined the mob.

I wish to speak to you this morning on the limits of human responsibility. I wish to point out to you that we cannot confine our responsibility to our own acts; that there is such a thing as corporate responsibility; that there is a sense in which one man is responsible for the acts of another man; that we are so knitted and jointed together that our acts go out into other lives and perpetuate themselves, and thus the consequences of our deeds are felt in other generations and in other circles, and because of what we have done other crimes are committed, and in that measure we are responsible for the crimes. If we have not cast a stone, nor thrown a ballot, nor joined the rabble, if we have consented to the wrong, if we have acquiesced, if we have stood silent while it has been going on, without a vigorous and efficient protest, we also are guilty. No man stands alone in life. You are not a Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island. You are born into a family, and are a part of that family. That family is made up of the concurrent acts of father and mother, and brother and sister, and master and servant; it is a combination of forces, and for the resultant action of the whole every individual in that family is responsible. If he has helped to make the bad influences, he is directly responsible; if he has not helped to resist the bad influences, he is as truly responsible. If he has not done all that in him lies to make that result stand for purity and truth and righteousness and temperance, he must bear the burden of the guilt. He is born into a State, and is a part of that State. He cannot isolate himself from it. He cannot shut himself up in his cell, and leave the rest of the State to go its way, and wash his hands of the whole matter. What the nation is, is made up of what sixty millions of people are. What the city of Brooklyn is, is made up of what a million people are. The corruption of the city is the corruption of the million. The corruption of the Nation is the corruption of the sixty millions. No man can stand one side and say, I have nothing to do with this. He has something to do with it. If he helps to swell the tide of corruption, he is guilty; if he does not help to resist the tide of corruption, he is guilty. If he

[1] Sermon preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday morning, October 15, 1893. Reported stenographically by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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casts the stone, he is guilty; if he stands by while others cast the stone, and is silent and acquiescent, he is guilty. He is part of the great Commonwealth, and what the Commonwealth is in its totality is partly dependent on what he is in his individual life. We are born part of a larger community of nations. No nation stands by itself. No nation can isolate itself. No nation can say, The poverty of another nation or the disease of another nation or the despotism of another nation is nothing to us—we will take care of ourselves. We cannot take care of ourselves. The holy well at Mecca is filled with cholera bacilli, and the men go to the holy well and drink of it, and all along the road is lined with pilgrims dying with cholera, and the poison is carried across desert and ocean, and the holy well at Mecca poisons men in London and in Rotterdam and in New York. The holy well at Mecca is guilty of murder on our shores. We are born into a race. Sin does not stop with the generation. It goes on and perpetuates itself. The seed of crime that is sown to-day not only bears its fruit, but bears a fruit that is full of seeds that perpetuate themselves in future generations. So every generation is responsible for the generation that comes after it. The men who inaugurated the slave trade in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries share with the nineteeeth century the responsibility of slavery, and there is not a blow on a bleeding back in the nineteenth century that has not a man of the seventeenth century behind it. The men who welded the chains of superstition, and fastened them on the wrists of men in the sixteenth century, are responsible for the ignorance and the superstition of Spain and Ireland in the nineteenth century, and there is not a darkened eye and there is not a blackened home in Spain or in Ireland for which the sixteenth century does not share the blame. As with vice, so with virtue. Luther is entitled to his share of the credit for these hours of worship. William of Orange is entitled to his share of the credit for the free flag that floats over the American Capitol. No man lives in his own age: he lives in all ages that come after him. And this corporate responsibility is an individual responsibility also. It is not divided. No man can say, I am only one of sixty million people in the United States, and have only one-sixty-millionth of responsibility, and that is so little I will not concern myself about it. No man can say, I am only one of a million inhabitants in the city of Brooklyn, and that one-millionth responsibility for the condition of affairs in the city of Brooklyn is so slight that I do not trouble myself about it. When two ruffians go into the Tower of London to strangle the Princes, each ruffian is guilty of the whole murder—it is not one guilty of half a murder. When forty men combine together to kill Paul, not each one is guilty of a fortieth part of an assassination: each one of the forty men is an assassin. When a mob gather and burn and torture a negro in the South, every man is guilty before God and before the Nation, as though he were the only one that piled the fagots and the only one that lighted the flame.

These are primary, self-evident principles. They are wrought into our laws; they are recognized in our courts of justice; it hardly ought to be necessary to repeat them in a Christian pulpit. Let us, nevertheless, look at them a little in detail.

In the first place, then, we are responsible for the indirect influence of our lives. We are responsible for the effect of our example on the hearts and lives of other men. No man can say, I will drink, I will gamble—it won't hurt me, and it is nobody's business what I do. He is part of a family, he is part of a community, and if he drinks and gambles it is as a member of that family and that community; and if, as the result of his drinking and gambling, drunkenness and crime run through the community, he is responsible for the flame which he has lighted, he is responsible for the venom which he has set flowing in the veins of other men.

Men are responsible for the consequences of their acts in the results bequeathed to others. Every man is responsible for that which he bequeaths to his children. He does not stand alone. The serpent bites a finger. The serpent does not merely give a sting to that finger, but presently the poison runs through all the veins and poisons the arm and body, and brings, perhaps, corruption and death. So when sin enters once into a human life it runs down through the blood in future generations. By one man sin entered into the world, and death through sin. Do you suppose it was only through Adam? Not more through Adam than through you and through me. When a man sees his vanity, his pride, his selfishness, his avarice, his appetite, repeated in his children or his grandchildren, he is convicted of their sin in the court of his own conscience and in the court of Almighty God.

Every man is responsible for the things which he empowers other men to do for him. When Ahasuerus gave the seal to Haman and said to him, "Do as seemeth good to thee," and Haman sent the messengers to all parts of the kingdom to assassinate the Jews, it was Ahasuerus who sent the order for the assassination of the Jews. Nor could the king stand back and say, I did nothing: Haman is the assassin. The king who gives the signet-ring which carries with it authority is held responsible in the court of the universal conscience for all things that are done under the authority of that signet-ring. When an opium war is waged by England against China, and later ages rise in universal protest against it, they condemn not merely the soldiers that fought, they condemn not merely the navy and the army, they condemn not merely the Prime Minister: they condemn, and they rightly condemn, Great Britain. It was Great Britain that was guilty of the opium war, because the authority of Great Britain made the army and made the navy, and made the Prime Minister, and gave the signet-ring.

Men are responsible, too, for the deeds done with their consent and acquiescence, without their protest, without their endeavor to prevent. When Miriam stood by, and, with nothing but a glance of her eye, gave to the quick thought of Donatello permission to push her persecutor over the cliff, and a moment later he lay mangled and dead at the foot of it, she knew that she was a murderer, and she carried the remorse of the deed in her heart ever after, because she had not interfered to prevent what a look would have sufficed to prevent. When Pilate said to the chief priests, "Take ye him and crucify him," and took the basin of water and washed his hands and said, "See, I am guiltless of the blood of this innocent man," he was not guiltless of the blood of that innocent man, he was guilty of that blood, and bears it throughout all ages, with Judas and Caiaphas, because he did not prevent what he might have prevented. In the North we rightly held, not merely the men who framed the slave laws, not merely the men who pursued the fleeing fugitives with bloodhounds—we rightly held responsible the men in the North who shut their eyes and closed their ears to the great crime, who said, It is none of our business, who turned their backs upon slavery and tried to throw the responsibility upon others; we held them responsible, and so did Almighty God, and when the day of reckoning came they paid the penalty with others.

These are simple principles; they are plain; they are alphabetic. You and I are personally responsible for what we do. But we are also responsible for the indirect influences of what we do. We are responsible for the hereditary influences and results of what we do. We are responsible for that which is done in our name and by our authority. We are responsible for that which is done in our presence and with our consent, and without our vigorous, earnest, emphatic protest. Silence gives consent. And consent to crime makes the consenter accessory to the crime.

We are living in a democratic age, a democratic nation, a democratic city. We are living under the reign of the common people. But the reign of the common people means much more than liberty—it means responsibility. And every man in the Nation shares responsibility with every other man for all the evils that afflict it, unless he has done all in his power to prevent and put an end to them.

I spoke last Sunday morning of the spirit of lawlessness. You and I are personally responsible for the lawlessness in this Nation if we are consenting to it, if we are silent in

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the presence of it, if we let it pass, if we shrug our shoulders and wash our hands and go our way, and say, We do not join the mob, we do not bribe the Legislature, we do not belong to the ring, we do not violate the law, and we have no responsibility in the premises. We have responsibility. If we are consenting unto it we are sharers in it. We are part of a great Nation in an age that abounds in corruption. It is not enough that we have not been bribed nor received a bribe. If the stream of corruption flows on without effort on the part of the mother to put into the heart of her child such a sense of purity that he will resist it, without an endeavor on the part of every citizen to do battle to it whenever and wherever he can, the silent and acquiescing mother, the silent and acquiescing citizen, is responsible along with the guilty creature whom he condemns.

Let me read you a picture from a Democratic organ of a Democratic convention:

To-night, for instance, a large club of well-dressed men, in silk hats and broadcloth, marched down the main street and into a saloon to get their whistles wet. They formed ranks, got out their brass band, assembled at least 15,000 spectators to watch what they supposed was going to be a parade, and then, after two blocks of marching, filed into a gin-mill with shouting and yelling and laughter. Next door to that saloon was a typical, wide-open gambling-hell, just such as one sees in Denver or Butte City. The politicians packed this hell, and found, in addition to faro, red-and-black, and roulette, a brand-new invention of the devil called the bookmaker's game. The politicians bucked that tiger so enthusiastically that the place was crowded all day and night. . . . So it was at Chicago and Minneapolis last year, and so it is wherever any politicians assemble. This is true only of the rank and file. The leaders who have forced their way to the top of each heap are steadier and wiser men. They don't drink too much, and if they gamble no one knows it. As a rule, however, they are as profane as the understrappers.

Now, just in the measure in which that is true of our nominating political conventions, it is a National disgrace, it is a State disgrace, it is a personal and individual disgrace. You and I cannot wash our hands of it and say, It is no concern of ours. It is concern of ours. These men could not assemble if they had not been sent there by the people. These men would not assemble from year to year if the people did not at the polls ratify what these politicians do in their conventions. We have not thrown the stone. No! Nor joined the rabble. No! Nor cast the vote. No! But we have held the garments, and we have been consenting, and we must share the responsibility. We cannot throw it off upon the ignorant and superstitious voters. Until we have done all that in us lies to make the ignorant voters intelligent and the superstitious voters religious we cannot stand one side with pharisaic pride, with "holier than thou" upon our lips and in our hearts, and say theirs is the fault, not ours. We cannot throw the responsibility off upon the politicians. We have made the politicians. If they hold a signet-ring, it is the signet-ring which we the people have put into their hands. Ahasuerus cannot sleep quietly in his palace and leave Haman to go his corrupt and cruel way, and account himself guiltless of the consequences.

There is to be held next December what is euphoniously called an athletic contest in Coney Island between two famous prize-fighters. It is held, if representations may be trusted—and I am not dependent wholly upon representations of the press—with the sanction and connivance and approval of officers of the law. Perhaps you have wondered, as I wondered, whether this athletic contest is really against the law. Let me, then, read the law to you:

A person who, within this State, engages in, instigates, aids, encourages, or does any act to further a contention or fight without weapons, between two or more persons, or a fight commonly called a ring or prize fight, either within or without the State, or who sends or publishes a challenge or acceptance of a challenge for such a contention or fight, or carries or delivers such challenge or acceptance, or trains or assists any person in training for such a contention or fight, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

They tell me this is not a prize-fight, it is an athletic contest; yet last Monday night, in one of these athletic contests, one of the men was knocked senseless to the floor and lay there five minutes before he could be recovered to consciousness. Will you tell me what a fight without weapons is if that is not one? Men tell me that men are rendered unconscious in the football game. Yes, they are; but when football ceases to be played as a game and in sport, and those engaged in it endeavor to maim, to incapacitate, to knock senseless their opponents, it ceases to be a football game and becomes a slugging-match, condemned alike by the rules of the game and the consciences of all men of honor. Men say that this athletic contest will develop muscle, agility, courage. Well, let us, then, import from Spain the bull-fight, for that requires more agility and more courage; let us bring back from the Middle Ages the tournament, for that requires more agility, more courage, more skill. Let us go back to the Roman gladiatorial combats and reintroduce them, and bring in wild animals, and establish those barbaric shows in the style and manner of ancient Rome. We cannot be cheated with these false pretenses of an argument. The incursion of barbarism is what we are asked to consent unto. And the police magistrate who has arranged it, and the district attorney who is indifferent to it, and the sheriff who would take his boys to it to be educated by it, are not only helping to bring in barbarism upon our community, they are violating the law which they were sworn to maintain. Yet, if that were all, I would not preach this sermon. You will bear me witness that I am not accustomed to preach to one set of people against the sins of another set of people. My message to you this morning is this: If you and I remain silent and acquiescent, if we allow this thing to go on, if we wash our hands of it and say it is none of our business, if we turn our backs upon it and are oblivious of it, if we think it is impossible to correct it, and make no effort to correct it, you and I must share the responsibility of the disgrace which comes upon our county and upon our community. We may not be able to cleanse the city and the county of the disgrace—I do not know; but this I know: you and I can cleanse ourselves of our disgrace. That we can do. Will you?

Do not think I am preaching these sermons because I like to. You say to yourselves—some of you—We are weary of politics; we are weary of prize-fights; we are weary of this whole business; we like a quiet Sunday morning, and the minister drags in the noise and the filth of the outside life. I, too, would like a quiet Sunday morning, and a peaceful hour, and a vision of goodness. Do you not suppose that many a Moses and Isaiah and Jeremiah have prayed God to send the message by some other messenger, and longed to stand back and keep silence that other lips better able than their own should speak the word that needs to be spoken? But my message is given to me, and I dare not be silent.

Son of man, speak to the children of thy people, and say unto them, When I bring the sword upon a land, if the people of the land take a man of their coasts, and set him for their watchman: if when he seeth the sword come upon the land, he blow the trumpet and warn the people; then whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet, and taketh not warning; if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head. He heard the sound of the trumpet, and took not warning: his blood shall be upon him. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul. But if the watchman see the sword come, and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand. So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.

I cannot take that message from the Word of God, and then go before the bar of my own conscience and the throne of God in the future, guiltless of the shame and the disgrace and the dishonor of this community, if it allows these prize-fights to go on, unless I lift my voice of warning and condemnation. I call you to bear witness that I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God. Would God there were some one else who could sound that trumpet with a clearer, louder note! Would God the lips

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that are silent to-day could speak once more from this platform with a call that would sound through the whole land and bring thousands to the banner of purity and truth and courage!

The Joy of Giving[1]

By Lyman Abbott

We want to raise some money in our church for a benevolent purpose. How do we go to work?

We assume, to begin with, that the Christians who constitute this church do not wish to give any of their money. They want to spend it on themselves; or to keep it in savings banks or bonds for some future "rainy day," or for some unimagined purpose, they cannot themselves tell what. And, acting on this assumption, we study how we can get a good collection out of them, so to speak, in spite of themselves. Various methods are resorted to for this purpose. Perhaps the minister preaches a sermon, addresses their conscience, lays upon them the duty of giving. Perhaps he even invokes the authority of the old Mosaic law, and demands that they bestow one-tenth of their income on the Lord, as the proportion which rightfully belongs to him, as a sort of senior partner in their enterprises. Or, if he is not a preacher of law, but a prophet of emotionalism, he endeavors to create a public and popular ebullition of emotionalism. He calculates that if the entire congregation are stirred to a white heat by a successful appeal, each individual will act upon his neighbor, and the five hundred will give much more than they would give if left to act severally and separately. If he can draw tears from their eyes, he hopes to draw dollars from their pockets. Or he resolves to call to his aid their approbativeness. He orders the church doors closed, and calls for subscriptions—by name; $100 from Mr. A, $50 from Mr. B, and so on to the end of the alphabet. Sometimes the form is varied by circulating a subscription paper, with the understanding that it shall afterward be printed, when all the church will see what each individual has given, and some will give to earn a good reputation, and some to avoid a bad one. This method reaches its climax in some negro congregations in the South, where each individual marches up the aisle to put in his gift, and sometimes the same man marches up five times to put in a quarter, one nickel at a time, and so gets five credits with the congregation for one contribution. Or the minister calls to his aid commercial considerations reinforced by good fellowship. He gets up a fair, and the congregation give turkeys, and cakes, and oysters, and dry goods, and fancy articles, which do not cost any money—for the bills do not come in for three months—and then go and buy their own gifts at extravagant prices; or the people get up a charity ball and spend $5,000 in hall and music and dresses in order to make $1,000 for a charity. Now, all these and other like methods agree in this, that it is assumed that Christians do not wish to give their money, and that therefore the money must be coerced or cajoled out of them, by schemes some of which are saved from being immoral only by being consecrated; and not always even so saved from being immoral.

What I wish the student of the eighth chapter of Second Corinthians to notice is that in this chapter the Apostle Paul proceeds upon an entirely different assumption. Not only is his method different, his spirit is different. He treats giving as a privilege, not as a duty; as a grace, not as a burden. Let me try to put his principles in my own words. Let the reader then compare Paul's statement, my statement, and the not unusual methods of raising money for benevolent enterprises, and see how they agree.

I. The Christian has first of all given himself to his Lord; he has given the whole of himself. Not his reverence and faith only, but his business powers and capabilities; not one-tenth of his income and one-seventh of his time, but all his income and all his time. Living or dying, he is the Lord's. The question with respect to every expenditure is, How can I do the most good with the money? Shall I invest this $100 in a picture to add to the cultivating influences of my home, or in a bond to provide for the future needs of my wife and children, or in a hospital for the sick in this city, or in the American Board for the heathen abroad, or in my business to add to the widening circuit of my own personal usefulness? There are five opportunities, and all are equally opportunities, and for all the Christian is equally grateful. He therefore as little thinks of complaining because a missionary agent shows him how he can invest in a foreign missionary enterprise, as because a friend shows him where he can buy a picture at a bargain, or invest in a bond sure to pay him six per cent. interest.

II. His first inclination is to put his money where the beneficent results are the most immediate and the most direct. He would like to give to every beggar food and clothing, and to every domestic charity the means to enlarge its usefulness. The benefit of what he calls investments is more remote and indirect. He is, therefore, in danger of giving more than he ought, and investing less than he ought. He does not wait to be asked, but seeks as a favor permission to be allowed to join in promising benevolences. His wife, his children, his pastor, have not to spur him up to greater generosity, but to restrain him from a generosity ill-balanced and unwise. His conscience has to be summoned, not to coerce him into giving, but to restrain, to admonish, to direct, and to guide.

III. He is, therefore, a cheerful giver. He gives because he likes to give. It is a pleasure to go to him with a subscription paper. It is a greater pleasure to get a No from him than a Yes from his neighbor. For the one receives you as a friend who has offered him a desired opportunity of which, unfortunately, he is unable to take advantage, and the other receives you as a courteous robber, whom he has not the skill to evade nor the strength to resist.

IV. The inspiration of his benevolence is his love for Christ. It is not the force of conscience; nor the measured obligation of an ancient law; nor the contagion of a public feeling to which he yields because he has not independence enough to resist it; nor a desire to escape odium or win applause, or do what is creditable; nor a desire to get credit with his own conscience for benevolence when he is really purchasing an hour of amusement for his family or himself. He loves Christ; he wants to do something to show his love for Christ; and he is devoutly and sincerely grateful to any one who shows him how he can do something unselfish and effective. His giving is, therefore, a joyful act, for it is intermingled with faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and earnestness, and love.

V. The liberality of such an one is measured, not by what he hath not, but what he hath; and it is so measured, not only by God, not only by his fellow-men, but by his own conscience. For the largeness of a gift depends, not on the value of the thing given, but on the greatness of the spirit which bestows it.

Does the reader think that I am describing an impossible ideal? Not at all! Macedonian Christians are not all dead. Every minister has in his congregation some men who are always on the lookout for good investments in the kingdom of love, who welcome opportunities, and who have to be checked rather than incited to liberality. The privilege of giving is one of the most blessed privileges; and, for my part, I wonder that so many people who might have this great joy deny themselves, and turn their privilege into a cross, never knowing the meaning of the words of the Lord Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: November 6—At your own will (Lev. xix., 1–5); November 7—A free-will offering (Deut. xvi., 9–12); November 8—Honor the Lord with thy substance (Prov. iii., 1–10); November 9—Give and spare not (Prov. xxi., 25–31); November 10—Poor yet hath great riches (Prov. xiii., 7–11); November 11—Not grudgingly (2 Cor. viii., 12; Mark xii., 43, 44); November 12—Topic: Our love tested by our gifts (2 Cor. viii., 1–9; ix., 6–8).

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for November 12, 1893.—2 Cor. viii., 1–12.

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The Religious World

The English Anniversaries

This week the Religious World will be occupied almost entirely with what has been going on in England. The English newspapers which have just reached us are unusually full and interesting, containing accounts of the various annual meetings of three of the most prominent denominations. The Church Congress which was held at Birmingham was the most largely attended of any in its history, and many of the discussions have been such as deserve very general notice. The autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union of England and Wales were held in London, and, while perhaps not of unusual interest, present some features which are worthy of the careful consideration of those interested in current ecclesiastical affairs. The autumnal meetings of the Baptist Union were held at Reading, and were fully equal in interest and importance to those of the Congress and the Congregational Union; indeed, the Baptist gathering seems to have been one of exceptional spiritual and intellectual power. With each year the lines of association between the old country and the new are drawing our people nearer together, and we are coming to understand, as never before, that in all that concerns the advancement of the kingdom of God, whatever adds new life to the English churches is of vital relation to us on this side of the water.

The Church Congress

The Church Congress has the same relation to the Established Church in England that the meetings of the same name in this country have to the Episcopal Church. They represent the best thought, and all that is most vital and aggressive in the spiritual life of the Establishment. As we look over the programme of the English meeting, held in Birmingham, October 3–5, we find such subjects as the following: "The Lord's Day;" "Church Reform;" "Social and Labor Questions," under which head were considered "The Duties of Employers Towards Employed," "Of Employed Towards Employers," "Of the Clergy Towards Both Employers and Employed;" "The Anglican Communion in its Relation to the Church in England," "in Ireland," "in Scotland," "in the Colonies," and "in the United States;" "The Church of England in Relation to Other Bodies of Christians," under which head was discussed the now pressing subject of "Reunion." These are only a few of the more prominent topics. Among the speakers were many of the best-known ministers and laymen of the Church. The meetings were held in great halls, and were thronged from beginning to end. The greatest interest seems to have centered around the two subjects, "Social and Labor Questions" and "The Relation of the Church of England to Other Bodies of Christians." During the consideration of the subject of Reunion, a very dramatic and exciting scene occurred, caused by the irrepressible and, we are inclined to believe, insane Father Ignatius, who is not unknown in this country. The chief speaker at that time was the Rev. Charles Gore, who is well known as an extreme High Churchman, and yet very advanced in his ideas concerning the Higher Criticism. His article in "Lux Mundi" on this subject had aroused the ire of Father Ignatius, and he had caused to be circulated a printed protest "Against Charles Gore being accepted as a Reader at the Congress, for in his Essay on 'Inspiration' he practically blasphemes our Lord and the Holy Scriptures by teaching that the Holy Scriptures are a fable and a forgery." When Mr. Gore attempted to speak, Father Ignatius, in full monkish garb, sprang to the front beneath the platform, and, with uplifted hand and vehement gesture, protested that "Charles Gore had no right to speak." With difficulty the monk was silenced, and Mr. Gore allowed to go on with his paper. The same scene was repeated later.

The Rev. Charles Gore on Reunion

It is now nine years since the present writer first heard the Rev. Charles Gore, in the Commons Room of Oriel College, Oxford, read a paper on "The Church of England, and Its Relations to Other Churches." At that time he took the ground that, while there might be good work outside of the Establishment in Great Britain, there was no ministry which could be called regular, except possibly in the Roman Catholic communion. All Nonconformist ministers, even those of the Established Church in Scotland, were, he maintained, unordained, and could not be recognized as having any official relation to the true Church. Mr. Gore's essay in "Lux Mundi" had caused some to fear that his views concerning criticism might modify his views concerning the Church. Those fears have been proven unfounded by his paper. He began by saying that no serious-minded Christian could contemplate the existing divisions of Christendom without the gravest searchings of heart. When an Anglican Churchman thinks of reunion, there rise before him "the magnificent communion of Rome on the one hand, and on the other the various Nonconformist bodies." "But our first generous impulse toward reunion at any cost is checked by respect of what we know of the truth and our obligation toward it. We cannot, for the sake of the fellowship of Rome, submit to accept terms which we do not believe to correspond to the original Apostolic truth; nor, for the sake of fellowship with Nonconformists, abandon what we believe to be a part of the Apostolic deposit for which we are responsible." In regard to the subject of reunion with Nonconformists he made it plain that he thought it would be impossible even to the extent of admitting unordained ministers to a sort of lower diaconate. When he came to speak positively as to how his Church was to work toward reunion, he said: "Primarily, by making our Church of England such as gradually will incline Christianly disposed people to desire communion with her." Under this head, after speaking as we should expect a Churchman to speak, he said, among other things: "In view of an age of science and criticism, we shall repudiate with eagerness all obscurantism, and welcome all legitimate research into our sacred records." He then argued for a larger influence of the democracy, and concluded this part of his address with these words: "If the Church of England will become more manifestly catholic, Scriptural, scientific, constitutional, we cannot doubt she will attract more and more the best spirit of the future. She may appear as the true mother of the people, and act, therefore, as the real center of unification." The conclusion of his paper was really in very fine spirit. While he made it plain that he was an intensely loyal High Churchman, he also made it equally evident that "rightly to estimate the position of Nonconformists will lead us to respect them," and urged a more intimate acquaintance, the breaking down of social barriers, and barriers of every kind which keep the people apart. His concluding words were these: "Let us have fellowship—fellowship in the home, the university, the political platform, the social platform, the sphere of private religion. This will dissipate prejudices, and lead, we trust, in company with other efforts, to a large development and reunion in the one Church on the basis, not of our Anglicanism simply, but of the institutions, the creed, and the worship that are really catholic, the inalienable heritage of the children of men."

The Meaning of It

Mr. Charles Gore is now one of the most influential men in the English Church, and his utterance on the subject of reunion shows real progress. It is interesting to observe at this point that during the sessions of the Congress he was the guest of the most eminent Nonconformist in England, namely, the Rev. Dr. Robert W. Dale. Mr. Gore's extreme positions were not the only ones that were taken, neither was his spirit of toleration especially noticeable, for a similar spirit was manifest in many of the addresses. Nonconformists take issue with him, and we think rightly, on almost every one of his fundamental positions. It is, to say the least, an open question whether there is any continuity which can be proven between the episcopate of the Church before the time of Henry the Eighth and that afterward, and it is very noticeable that all discussions as to the main contentions of his address are supported more frequently by what the "fathers" say than by what the New Testament says. But we recognize that the position of the Bishop of Worcester, President of the Congress, who was one of the leaders in the Lucerne Conference; of Canon Fremantle, Archdeacon Farrar, and many other Churchmen, and, still more, the liberal spirit mani-

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fested in such papers as this of Mr. Gore, indicate a vastly greater progress toward some form of practical Christian union than many persons imagine has yet been made.

The Baptist Union at Reading

In the Baptist Union Meetings no single discussion was of thrilling interest, like that on the subject of Reunion at the Church Congress, but the average of the addresses was very high. The most interesting, as we read the reports, we should judge to have been those at the great meeting for working people which was held in the Town Hall, where the theme was "Modern Substitutes for Christianity." The general subject was divided as follows: Mrs. Bonwick spoke on "Socialism," the Rev. J. W. Ewing, M.A., spoke on "Theosophy," and the Rev. J. G. Greenough on "Secularism." It can be seen at once that this must have been an exceedingly interesting meeting, for, more than many persons dream, these forms of modern thought are diverting the attention of many people from Christianity. The Socialistic halls in manufacturing towns are often crowded when the churches are nearly empty. Theosophy—whatever that very vague word may mean—has thousands of followers among those who are always looking for some new thing; and Secularism is the prevailing and constant enemy of the Church and the spiritual life. These thoughts were made plain by the speakers of the evening, and produced a profound impression on the great audience. One interesting feature in the meetings of both the Baptist and Congregational Unions was that the sermon at the Baptist Union was delivered by Dr. Joseph Parker, a Congregationalist, and at the Congregational Union by the Rev. Dr. Walter Smith, of the Free Church of Scotland. A subject of much interest at the Baptist Union was "Village Churches," and this, we notice, is a living subject in most of the religious conventions held in England. The Vice-President of the Baptist Union, Mr. Short, of Salisbury, called attention to the fact that a minister could not be supported in every little hamlet; that the aim should be to increase the efficiency of those who are already at work; that village churches should be grouped, and that the squabbling between little churches should cease. Mr. Short is right. There are too many starving churches in the small towns on both sides of the sea.

The Congregational Union of England and Wales

The chief features of the meeting of the Union of England and Wales was the sermon by Dr. Walter T. Smith, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland; the address from the Chair by Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P.; the resolution adopted in favor of a fund in aid of the miners who were suffering because of the controversy between them and their employers; and the papers by the Rev. William Pierce and the Rev. R. Baldwin Brindley on "Our Ministry." Dr. Smith is widely known as the poet-preacher of Scotland, and was enthusiastically received by his Congregational brethren in England. The address of Mr. Albert Spicer, M.P., as Chairman of the Union, was full of practical and feasible suggestions worthy of careful attention by all interested in the welfare of the churches. One feature was referred to in our editorial columns a fortnight since—we had advance sheets of the address—namely, his plea for "economy in the use of preachers." Mr. Spicer thinks that there ought to be some plan by which the strong preachers should speak but once on Sunday to the same congregation. We are sure that he is right. If churches were more anxious about the Kingdom than about themselves, they would send their ministers to different audiences for at least half of the time. The discussion on the ministry is a live one in England, even more so than here, where the conditions are different. The papers of Mr. Pierce and Mr. Brindley were peculiarly suggestive. Mr. Pierce laid down four qualifications as needful for the Congregational minister: he must be, first, a preacher; second, a pastor; third, a leader; and fourth, a zealot or enthusiast. One of the most interesting features of both the Congregational and Baptist meetings was the interest taken in behalf of the miners who were suffering for the necessaries of life in their war against their employers. At both Unions resolutions were passed commending their sufferings to the attention of the churches. Care was taken not to enter into the merits of the controversy, but it was very plain where the sympathies of the people were, and with great unanimity the resolutions were passed; and, more than that, large sums of money for the miners were collected at the meetings. At the Congregational Union some of the most prominent ladies in the denomination, such as Mrs. Albert Spicer, wife of the Chairman; Mrs. Parker, wife of Dr. Joseph Parker; and Mrs. F. H. Stead, wife of the Rev. F. Herbert Stead, moved among the people with contribution-boxes in their hands collecting funds in behalf of the sufferers. They received enthusiastic welcome and generous contributions. When it is remembered that no doubt many of the mine-owners are in the Congregational and Baptist churches, the action of these two representative bodies will go a long way toward dissipating the false idea that the churches are manipulated by the rich.

Tom Mann and the Church

One of the three or four most prominent labor leaders in England is Mr. Tom Mann, of London. He divides the leadership of the labor forces with Ben Tillett, John Burns, and Keir Hardie. It has recently been announced that Tom Mann was about to take deacon's orders with a view to entering the Church of England. This statement has been proved to be not quite correct; probably all that can be said is that it is premature. What motives have led him to take this step we do not know, but that he will be a great power in winning men of his class to the Church there can be no doubt. He is regarded as one of the most level-headed and moderate of the really popular labor agitators and reformers. If he goes into the Church with his whole heart, he will be sure to have a great following, and will do much toward winning back the masses of East London, who, so shrewd an observer as the Rev. S. A. Barnett acknowledges, have very generally forsaken the Establishment.

Death of the Rev. J. C. Price

While our columns this week have been almost entirely occupied with events which have occurred beyond the sea, we must make place for the mention of one event which has given many of us great sorrow. The Rev. J. C. Price, D.D., President of Livingstone College, at Salisbury, N. C., probably the most eminent and generally honored colored man in the whole South, in the prime of his splendid powers, has passed away from the earth. Dr. Price was under forty-five years of age, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and one of the most level-headed and statesmanlike thinkers and magnetic and thrilling orators in the whole country. He had made Livingstone College what it was, and his wise and calm leadership was an unspeakable blessing to the colored race. Few men were more enthusiastically welcomed at the North, and his eloquence has charmed great audiences in England as well as in America. His face was as black as the midnight—he was a full-blooded negro—but no one thought of his color when hearing him upon the platform. Dr. Price will long be remembered among the colored people as one of the noblest representatives of their race, and among all Christian people as a worthy minister.

—The Rev. Samuel W. Haddaway, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, and Pastor of Marven Chapel, Methodist Episcopal Church South, died at Washington on October 26.

—The Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., who has since July 1 been pastor of the First Congregational Church at Ithaca, N. Y., was formally installed on Wednesday evening, October 1. Among those who took part were the Rev. Joachim Elmendorf, pastor of the church in 1853–55; the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher; the Rev. William S. Robinson, a lineal descendant of John Robinson, of Leyden; the Rev. E. N. Packard, and Professor Charles Mellen Tyler, of Cornell University.

—The Fifteenth Church Congress (Episcopal) in the United States will be held in Chickering Hall, New York, November 14, 15, 16, and 17. In compliance with the personal request of the Bishop of New York, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley, D.D., LL.D., will preside. The opening service, with the administration of the Holy Communion, is appointed for Tuesday, November 14, 11 A.M., at St. Bartholomew's Church. The address will be by the Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., the Bishop of Massachusetts.

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Books and Authors

Miss King's "Balcony Stories"[1]

Among the younger writers of short stories no one has a fresher field or a more individual style than Miss King. "Monsieur Motte," which appeared several years ago in the "Princeton Review," struck a note of distinct originality and power, and marked the beginning of a literary career resolutely held to fine ideals and to a very exacting standard of workmanship. The bound volume of "Tales of a Time and Place" confirmed on a broader basis of accomplishment the impression made by detached sketches, and "Balcony Stories" will establish the reputation and define the place of a writer of singular freshness of touch and depth of feeling.

It is clear that Miss King's heart is in her work, and that she penetrates the secrets of character and experience by a genuinely sympathetic insight. Her work betrays culture of many kinds, but its distinctive quality is the clearness and certainty of the instinct for that which is most intensely human in a person or a situation, and, therefore, for that which holds the secret of temperament or destiny. Miss King is on intimate terms with the people about whom she writes; but she has not learned their habits and discovered their secrets by close observation, primarily; she has found her way to their hearts, and so she reveals to us what is most sacred, deepest, and masterful in them. There is a beautiful quality in her dealings with the creatures of her imagination which protects them from the apparent profanation of publicity even while it uncovers their very hearts to us. The fourteen stories included in this volume are notable by reason of their intense vitality; they seem like transcriptions from life; they are studies of character so vividly realized in definiteness and clearness of outline that they are in some cases, by a fine artistic instinct, presented as studies rather than elaborately finished as pictures.

In the country "where the nights have to come with a double endowment of vastness and splendor to compensate for the tedious, sun-parched days," women love to sit and talk together on summer evenings in balconies; and "experiences, reminiscences, episodes, picked up as only women know how to pick them up from other women's lives," furnish the dramatic material of these long moonlit confidences. In this half-light, with its softening of pain and its deepening of pathos, Miss King has gathered these brief and touching stories of women's destiny. There is something, perhaps, in the atmosphere out of which these tales come, something also in the nature which puts them into written words, which gives them a genuine quality of womanliness; something difficult to define, but quickly felt, and of great attractive power; a refinement of feeling, a delicacy of perception, a sureness of instinct, which betray social culture of a fine order. Miss King has the charm of the old order of social ideals at her command; she understands not only what is rare and beautiful in a woman by virtue of her own nature, but she feels deeply and sees clearly those rare and beautiful qualities which come from gentle breeding, from inherited aptitude, from pre-natal contact with the best that life offers in refined homes, and from high-minded loyalty to an ideal of honor which is not only a matter of character but also of manners. There is in Miss King's work the touch not only of the artist but of the gentlewoman.

With this fine strain there runs a singularly pure and unobtrusive moral instinct and insight; a sure touch upon what is wholesome and sound and good, without a particle of didacticism or moralization. We are continually aware, in reading these stories, of the native sweetness and charm of simple purity and goodness; we are made to feel the truth, so constantly missed by many writers of fiction, that rectitude, in its fine, natural forms, is the artistic expression of character; that when character becomes so true and sound that it holds these great moral acquirements with the ease of unconsciousness, it becomes a thing of beauty in itself.

It is but pushing the analysis a step further to discover that Miss King is an artist of a genuine and original type; one who discloses not only the fine results of training, but that native capacity for feeling, seeing, and embodying in form, which is the birth-gift of those who enrich the world with the products of art. Her style has none of that fatal smoothness and precision which betray a culture imposed upon, rather than developed out of, the gift of nature; it is vivid, picturesque; at times abrupt, and occasionally defective in clearness, not by reason of loose thinking, but of too rigid concentration and exclusion. There is an intensity, a fullness and courage of emotion, a simplicity of passion and of faith, which disclose the sincerity and frankness of a deep and noble human feeling, and a trust in the resources of art which is not misplaced. Such work as that contained in this volume is not only important in itself, but has the still greater value of rich promise for the future.

[1] *Balcony Stories.* By Grace King. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

Chapters in Modern Botany. By Patrick Geddes. University Extension Manuals. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) To arouse to direct study of nature; to make Darwinian students, but not Darwinists; to show botany as a living, growing, evolving science—such seem to be the chief designs of the course of lectures gathered together in this little book. Professor Geddes states that one may teach elementary botany in two ways: first, by taking the simplest and commonest plants for our first study; second, by beginning with something rare or strange, or at any rate unfamiliar. He himself combines the two, and, beginning with Pitcher-Plants, he ends with Leaves. Besides these two subjects, his chapters deal with Insectivorous Plants, Movements and Nervous Action in Plants, The Web of Life, Relations between Plants and Animals, Spring and its Studies. Constantly looking at the vegetable world from the point of view which Darwin gave us, our author presents Darwin's studies and experiments, but does not always reach Darwin's conclusions. One side of a truth is not the whole of it, and a great danger in science is premature generalization. Many workers must contribute even to establish a relatively simple matter, and the accepted dogma of the science of to-day may need modification to-morrow. Professor Geddes emphasizes this lesson repeatedly. The list of topics given above suggests the interest and importance of the matter treated. Study in morphology, histology, and physiology is mapped out. Bionomics, the "economics" of species, the relationships of any life-form to the great world of life about it, is a favorite subject with Professor Geddes, and he leads us on many a little excursion into that field. The suggestiveness of the book is one of its great values; it points out lines of study, gives enthusiasm for outdoor work, hints at a curious but surely interesting and profitable botanical picture gallery, and opens up to the novice the great literature which before had been closed to him. It is certain to do much good.

An autobiography is necessarily the most interesting sort of literary composition, for, no matter what may be the intent of the author to conceal, he nevertheless always must reveal himself even in his concealments. The autobiography of a writer, and a noted writer, is especially noteworthy, and immediately appeals to a large class of readers—and how large is that class when the autobiographer happens to be the writer of novels of world-wide celebrity, novels that have been translated into many languages! In the same attractive manner in which he related the career of Uarda, the Egyptian Princess, and Jehoshua, Herr Georg Ebers tells *The Story of My Life from Childhood to Manhood.* The writer is not analytical nor subjective in his method; he does not worry about motives and over epochs of intellectual life. He dwells more upon the objective side of his life. The beautiful thing about this book is its pictures of very precious relations of family life. It is, in a word, the life-story of a happy, prosperous man, whom neither great trouble nor deep and searing experiences have ever stirred to the bottom of his nature. "Life," says some proverb-maker, "is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel;" to Herr Ebers it seems to be in the main a mild melodrama. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

There is a continual fascination about the buccaneer, though we must confess that the fascination is much stronger when we meet him in the pages of Mr. Stevenson's romance than in the pages of history. Mr. Howard Pyle's recent book on the buccaneer brought out the sordid and brutal aspects of the subject,

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as well as the fact that some of the buccaneers were rather armed adventurers resisting Spanish usurpation than pirates. These facts are made still more clear by the translation of John Esquemeling's *Buccaneers of America*. The author was a Dutchman, and his book was first printed in 1678. He served under the French West Indian Company, in the Island of Tortuga, was sold into slavery and driven by bad treatment to join the freebooters. His story contains, among many other histories of assaults, that of Sir Henry Morgan upon Porto Bello, and that of the same "hero" upon Panama. The translator vouches very positively for Esquemeling's truthfulness, and it is certain that he wrote in a direct, candid sort of way, without any grace of style, but, so far as can now be judged, with honest accuracy. A reprint of Basil Ringrose's journal (now very rare in its pamphlet form) ekes out the tale of Esquemeling. Of course there are abundance of incidents of cruelty, rapacity, and hardship in the book. For twenty years after this book first appeared buccaneering continued in the Indies, and Dutch, French, and English colonists and merchants more than winked at it. The word "buccaneer," by the way, is supposed to have come from an Indian method of drying and smoking meat by the "boucan" or "boucon" process. The publishers have given this new edition of a rare and remarkable book every advantage of type, illustration (the reproduction of many quaint woodcuts), and binding. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The American Girl at College is the title of a very entertaining and vivacious account of different aspects of life in American colleges for women. Under such chapters as "Higher Education," "Physical Development," "Social Life," "Scholarships and Fellowships," "Co-education," "Relative Cost," "Self-Help," etc., Miss McCabe presents a popular and sufficiently full survey of a subject which is of great practical interest both to girls and to their parents. The little volume was evidently written for the purpose of conveying information with regard to the different colleges, as well as presenting the aspects of student life and academic training in these several institutions. The chapter on "Relative Cost," for instance, answers questions which a great many fathers and mothers are asking in determining the question of a higher education for their daughters; while the chapter on "Self-Help" suggests some of the ways in which an ambitious girl may secure an education without appealing wholly to her friends for support. The chapter on "Scholarships and Fellowships" contains important facts in the same direction. That on "Physical Development" has something to say regarding the effect of college training and work on the health of girls, which parents will be anxious to read, while the pen-and-ink portraits of the different college presidents satisfy a rational curiosity with regard to the heads of these different institutions. Miss McCabe is a popular rather than an academic writer, and her little volume is characterized by a kind of off-hand freshness and vivacity which make it extremely entertaining. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

Among the books of the season there is none more delightful than that which contains Mr. Janvier's account of *An Embassy to Provence*, for it is the good fortune of Mr. Janvier not only to see the things that are most interesting, and to feel keenly the sentiment of the place and atmosphere which he describes, but also to convey his impressions and his feelings in singularly taking fashion. There is no American writer of the day whom it is easier to read than Mr. Janvier. His vitality, his good humor, the easy flow of his spirits, the charming Bohemianism of his taste—which has the wholesomeness of freedom without its license—the breadth of his sympathies, and the picturesqueness of his style, make him at all times a charming companion; and never more so than in this book, which takes him into one of the most attractive parts of Europe—a bit of provincial France, full of local color, and with a population whose native characteristics have not yet been rubbed off. It is hardly necessary to say that in Provence Mr. Janvier found himself thoroughly at home, and his account of Mistral has all those touches of intellectual sympathy and comprehension which convey the living image of the man. The book is very attractively printed, and contains a portrait of Mistral. (The Century Company, New York.)

It would be unjust to dismiss with a single sentence of praise, or of blame, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole's novel, *Not Angels Quite*. If Mr. Dole aimed at producing an impressionist novel, it does not seem clear to us in what way he has succeeded. The story itself is not fresh in any conception of life or of the problems which exercise us all our threescore and ten years. This criticism would be uncalled for did not Mr. Dole evidently take himself quite seriously as regards his view of life and its work. There are pages that are decidedly good, and there are dialogues which Mr. Dole, veteran translator of other persons' novels as he is, ought to know better than to inflict upon a suffering public. To give a sample of what we do not like in this book: "He wrenched his mind away from the picture of Alma as she sat opposite him at table; as she turned round and looked at him over her shoulder from the Etruscan piano-stool, her profile outlined against a piece of dark ancient tapestry that concealed a door; as she more evanescently appeared to him for the first time at that fleeting moment, which he would have forced to last for an infinity, if he had known, if he had realized!" (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Ideala, by Sarah Grand, is not a novel or a romance, but it is, nevertheless, a book that will claim attention from many serious people. The alternative title, "A Study from Life," intimates something of its character. "Ideala" is not precisely a normal type of woman, but the problem which the book discusses is perhaps as well discussed with such a character as with another and more average soul. The main problem which the story is concerned in working out is the pressing matter of marriage and divorce, and, as the author leaves her perplexed and unhappily married woman still in the bonds with a vile husband, it seems that the problem is left just where it is taken up. Generally speaking, religion is not invoked to solve the difficulty in this story, yet students of social science are growing more firmly convinced that the more serious of our moral diseases can be cured only by religion. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Brooklyn Ethical Association has set itself to work upon the problems of modern sociology; and with useful results when published to the world at large, certainly when read by those seriously engaged in the solution of these problems. *Factors in American Civilization: Studies in Applied Sociology*, is the title of the volume, which contains fourteen lectures, by such men as President De Garmo, the Hon. W. J. Coombs, J. W. Sullivan, Dr. T. D. Crothers, the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, E. P. Powell, N. P. Gilman, and others. These speakers, each in his own fashion, apply the principles of Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy to the treatment of the topic discussed. The result is a book that, whatever its faults, contains a large mass of interesting and useful matter in the department of sociology. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The second book in Imbert de Saint-Amand's series of "Women of the Valois and Versailles Courts" is on the *Court of Louis XIV.*, and it has been translated from the French by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, and furnished with portraits. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The greater part of this volume is given to an account of the character and doings of Madame de Maintenon, the wife of the old age of the "Grand Monarque." The style of De Saint-Amand, as we have already intimated in these columns, leaves nothing to be desired in the way of brilliancy and interestingness. The author unerringly seizes upon strong and characteristic points, and produces his effects, which are true and not exaggerated, by the methods of the literary impressionist.

Literary Notes

—Messrs. Harper & Brothers have added to their Black and White Series Mr. Howells's charming bit of autobiography, "My Year in a Log Cabin."

—Mr. J. H. Seeton, formerly of the "Cosmopolitan," has become the editor of "Harper's Young People," in place of Mr. Starey, whose early and lamented death we reported last summer.

—Labor on the "New English Dictionary" has at last been carried through the letter C, and work upon D has been begun. It is probable that many years will pass before the work is completed.

—Besides her volume of short stories soon to appear, Miss Olive Schreiner has written a longer work, the title of which probably will be "From Man to Man." It is described as a study in the comparative ethics of men's treatment of men and their treatment of women. The work may not be published until spring, however.

—Mr. S. R. Crockett, whose book of short stories, "The Stickit Minister," is now in the third edition, is engaged on an adventure story in which he is to put in form the traditions of Galloway in the early part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Crockett is a minister of the Free Church, and preached not long ago in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, on "The Gospel in Richard Jefferies."

—Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce the publication of the "Psychological Review" early in 1894, devoted to the advancement of psychology by printing the results of original research, constructive and critical articles, and reviews. The "Review" will be edited by Professors Baldwin, of Princeton, and Cattell, of Columbia, with the co-operation of a number of other well-known men in this department.

[For list of Books Received see page 826]

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With Our Readers

I.—Correspondence

Theosophy Again

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of October 14, the writer of the editorial article "Concerning Theosophy" expresses some common errors in regard to its philosophy.

Theosophy, together with science, teaches a law of cycles, but it does not say that any cycle ends just where it began. It does not assert that there is any such wearisome, useless treadmill. Evolution is an upward spiral, a cycle and an ascent, and the conception of endless cycles of being, ever expanding and rising, lies at the foundation of Theosophy. That which lies beyond the ever-widening horizon of consciousness has been called by some, for want of a better term, "The Absolute." From lack of words we fail to differentiate higher conditions of existence.

Theosophy does not teach the extinction of individuality, but, on the contrary, the possibility of its indefinite expansion, based on harmonious co-existence and fundamental unity with every other form of existence within the infinite consciousness. Each of these narrow personal lives, which we are so anxious to magnify, will be seen, as we reach a higher level, to have been only a day in the long pilgrimage, only an imperfect fragment of that which is the true self of each one. That day, if any there be, which was wholly evil, which added nothing to the soul's progress, will be blotted out of remembrance in that Book of Life which is the real Self, the storehouse of treasure. Of some other days but little may survive.

The theory of one life only is inconsistent with justice. What of the prehistoric ages of savagery and of civilization? The Christian era is of yesterday. Does a just God thrust one fresh-made soul into a tainted body, give it a feeble mind and propensities to crime which are all but irresistible, while another is born amid gentle surroundings, with a heritage of talent and virtue? If the world is a school, it is either useful or useless. If useful, is it all the same whether we barely cross its threshold or are in it for a day or a week? Is it right that one newcomer should be placed at the right hand of the Master while another is pushed into a dark corner? If this school is useless, why was it made?

In reference to the evolution of the higher individuality through successive lives, we may read with profit what has reached us of the "Book of the Golden Precepts," a collection of writings much older than Christianity. Only a few sentences can be given:

> Learn that no effort, not the smallest, can vanish from the world of causes. E'en wasted smoke remains not traceless. . . . Thou canst create this "day" thy chances for thy "morrow."

Of the warrior in this battle it is said:

> And if he falls, e'en then he does not fall in vain; the enemies he slew in his last battle will not return to life in the next birth that will be his. . . . Remember, thou that fightest for man's liberation, each failure is success, and each sincere attempt wins its reward in time.

In the imaginative and mystical language of the Bible we are told: "Him that overcometh I will make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out no more. . . ." In the older book we find:

> He standeth now like a white pillar to the west, upon whose face the rising sun of thought eternal poureth forth its first most glorious waves. His mind, like a becalmed and boundless ocean, spreadeth out in shoreless space. He holdeth life and death in his strong hand.

He may now make the "Great Renunciation"—that is, put aside this supreme bliss, in order to remain in closer touch with fellowmen less swift and sure-footed than himself. If he does, he becomes a Master of Compassion, and, from a higher plane of existence, he for long ages yet shares their sorrows. Without interfering with their free will, he is able to smooth the road and render victory more certain. He is a channel for that which streams in from the Ever Beyond, a conscious co-operative factor in spiritual evolution.

All this, together with parts of our Bible, may be but an "Oriental speculation," yet there are many who believe that it represents truth, as it has been seen by purified souls, and that this knowledge is far older than Christianity, and has not been confined to any single nation or tribe.

The earth is but a speck in even the visible universe, while countless worlds and conditions of existence, other than those to which our senses respond, may people the depths of space. Can we say of the Life which sustains all this, anything other than that *it is* "an eternal essence of Being, limitless, incognizable"?

Theosophy may help us to understand the "mystery of Christ," to find a real Christianity and to purge it of the theology of the Dark Ages. Tolerant discussion is in the spirit of the former, rancorous condemnation in that of the latter.

W. M.

We print "W. M.'s" reply without rejoinder, except to say that our editorial was not written without a previous somewhat careful study of Theosophy; that we hold to our original positions respecting it; that, in our judgment, a spiral which begins with the infinite and returns to the infinite again is a cycle; and that "the fundamental unity" with universal consciousness which Theosophy points to as the end of its spiral or cycle cannot be logically distinguished from pantheism.—THE EDITORS.

—

Science for Ministers

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some weeks ago there was in your paper a discussion of collegiate studies for prospective ministers. In the several opinions that were presented with considerable detail, I do not now recall any allusion to scientific studies, save in one case. I am no theologian, and perhaps have no right to the expression of an adverse view when specialists have spoken. And yet I will venture to say that the practical unanimity with which science was excluded from a minister's preparation for his professional studies greatly surprised me. And that on two accounts. In the first place, the minister has relations and functions that are without the bounds of his calling. He does not cease to be a man in becoming a minister. Now, if the discipline of the sciences—breadth of view, justness of judgment, keenness and accuracy of observation, and the spirit of toleration—if this discipline is of value for any man, it is also for the man who is a minister.

In the second place, I think it will be admitted that the more spiritual exegesis of these later years is greatly indebted to the increase of natural knowledge. Indeed, leaving aside mere linguistic skill and the religious instinct, I doubt if anything has contributed as much as science has to the juster and more adequate interpretation and illumination of Biblical truth. And what science has done for the "race" of interpreters, it will do for the "individual" interpreter. I am by no means sure that the cause of Christian truth would not be greatly the gainer if, in case of the enforced alternative, even a portion of the professional systematic theology should give place to physics, chemistry, and especially to biology.

W. L. P.

Wake Forest College, N. C.

II.—Notes and Queries

1. What is the attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church in relation to the most advanced thought of the day and the higher criticism of the Bible? 2. Is not this Church more liberal in its views than any other? and if so, why is it so narrow in such an essential to all true Christian unity as to exclude other denominations from its communion? 3. Where and at what price can Dr. Munger's book, "The Freedom of Faith," be obtained, and can the separate lectures or chapters be obtained as they were first published in paper covers? 4. Is Christian Science on the increase or decrease in this country? 5. Is there any radical difference between the Christian Science of the East and the Mental Science of the West (Chicago)? L. A. H.

1. The Protestant Episcopal Church as a body has no pronounced attitude toward such matters, but those of its members who are known as Broad Churchmen are hospitable to all fresh thought and new light. 2. We are not aware that this Church outranks all others in liberal tendencies, however liberal many of its members are. Nor can it be said to exclude other denominations from its communion, though its rules are stringent against the admission to its pulpits of those whom it regards as unauthorized. A strong sentiment exists, particularly in this country, in favor of a more liberal administration of these rules. 3. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers. Price, $1.50. To be had only in one volume. 4. We cannot tell. 5. The former, as we understand it, lays more stress on the religious act of faith as the means of appropriating the power from on high.

1. What was the religious belief of the centurion mentioned in Acts x.? Verse 2 would hardly seem to describe a pagan, which, from what follows, one would infer that he was. 2. What is the Quincy system of teaching a child to read, and where can I obtain a book or treatise that illustrates its methods? 3. What is the slojd or sloyd so often mentioned in connection with kindergarten work? 4. Where can I learn something of the Tonic Sol-fa system of teaching music? M. P.

1. He is supposed to have been one of the class of Jewish proselytes known as "proselytes of the gate," in distinction from those proselytes who by circumcision had become full members of the Jewish Church. 2. Its peculiarity is in treating words rather than letters as the primary units of language. For the treatise you desire write to E. L. Kellogg & Co., 61 E. Ninth Street, New York City. 3. A species of working in wood, and much cultivated in Sweden. 4. From Theodore F. Seward, Orange, N. J.

Is there positive divine command for us to keep the seventh day for our Sabbath or day of rest? Our Seventh-Day Advent friends, who are trying to establish themselves here, where we have two churches that are not supported any too well, lay great stress on keeping our Saturday; claiming that those who keep Sunday have the mark of the "beast" on their foreheads, etc. I agree with the article in a recent issue of The Outlook in regard to the Seventh-Day Baptist. But if God himself commanded us to keep the seventh day, are they not right according to the Bible? Will you kindly enlighten me on the subject? J. M.

There is not. Please refer to what we have recently said in this column (August 26 and September 22). Argument is wasted on those you quote. They are simply ignorant of the difference between Christianity and Judaism, the religion of the spirit and the religion of the letter.

"W.," who asked, September 16, for an aid to systematic study of the Bible, will find one that enjoys great popularity in "Clews to Holy Writ," by M. L. G. Petrie—a scheme for studying the whole Bible in its historical order during three years. (American Tract Society, New York. $1.50.)

W. L. G.

Can some reader tell me who wrote the poem called "The Battle of Borodino," and where I can find it? Also how the names Borodino and Beresina come to be found in the midst of such pronounced Russian nomenclature. E. W. C.

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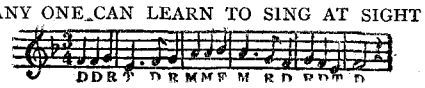

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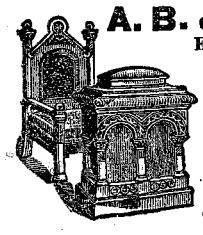

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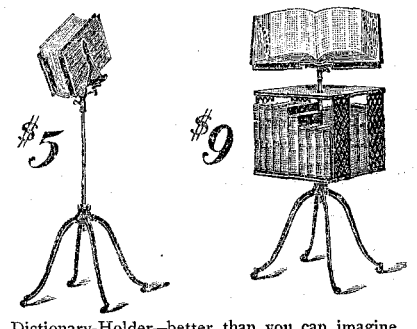

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Financial

The condition of the banks at the close of business last week, with $43,000,000 surplus reserve on hand, makes any extended remarks about the money market quite unnecessary. But once or twice in the history of the city banks has such a great reserve been reported; and this week the accumulation of currency and legal tenders has been going on, indicating a state of things quite unsatisfactory. There is still much distrust; it could hardly be otherwise, after the universal feeling of fright which has passed from one end of the country to the other. It takes time for such a scare to subside, and it is always felt in the interior districts and in the mercantile trades long after it has passed on Wall Street. The latter had its turn at it during the winter and spring, when everybody wanted to get out of everything and turn all their available resources into money; but the financial center is now glutted with funds, with a rapidly growing desire to reinvest—all the more so from the fact that the Senate has at last passed the Repeal Bill. For nearly seventeen years our Government has been coining silver, or buying it and issuing notes on it, until we have, in coin and bullion, between four and five hundred millions of dollars in some shape stored away in Government vaults. The change that will come over the business of this country when, after so long a time, we stop further purchases of the white metal, will doubtless be similar to the change which came on the resumption of specie payments in 1879. The distrust as to our ability to maintain a gold basis will be removed when the accumulation of silver ceases, and the whole world, which has been loading us down with our stocks and bonds for three years, under the apprehension that we could not maintain our gold reserve, will reverse the operation with the renewal of confidence, and will want to buy back what it has sold.

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Specie, increase	846,000
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This gives the city banks a surplus reserve of $48,787,475. Money rules on call at 1½ to 2 per cent. Sterling exchange is weak at the gold-importing point, and the first shipment of gold—a $500,000 lot—from London to our market took place Friday.

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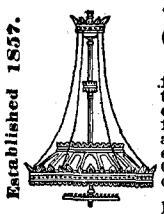

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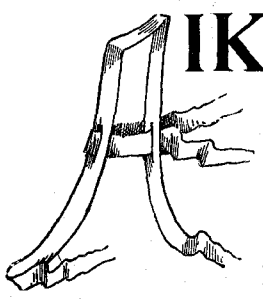

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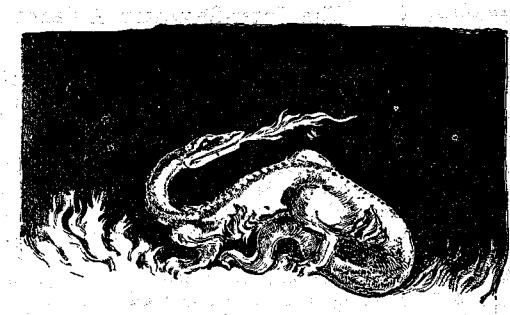

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Residence of Mrs. Hostetter, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Supt's Headquarters Penn. R.R., Altoona, Pa.
First National Bank, Cooperstown, Pa.
U. S. Court-House and Post-Office, Williamsport, Pa.
Commonwealth Building, Scranton, Pa.
Jackson Street Baptist Church, Scranton, Pa.
Hope Building, Brown University, Providence, R.I.
R. I. Hospital Trust Co., Providence, R. I.
Calvert Hall School, Baltimore, Md.
Residence of Mr. Evans, Ruxton, Md.
State Capitol, Columbia, S. C.
Y. M. C. A. Building, Glens Falls, N. Y.
Albright Memorial Library, Scranton, Pa.
Moses Taylor Hospital, Scranton, Pa.
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The Inter-Seminary Alliance

From a Special Correspondent

The fourteenth annual Convention of the Inter-Seminary Missionary Alliance was held in New Haven, under the auspices of Yale Theological Seminary, from October 26 to 29, inclusive. The purpose of these annual conventions is to give to the various seminaries of the country not only knowledge concerning home and foreign missions, but also something of the missionary spirit. In fact, the latter aim was really the most prominent during the Convention of this year. The afternoon of the first day was devoted to reports, an address by Rev. S. L. Baldwin, and a reception to the delegates. In the evening two addresses of welcome were given, one by the Rev. Geo. B. Stevens, of the Yale Divinity School, the other by Rev. T. T. Munger. In the course of his remarks Dr. Munger said: "Young men, I look in your faces not only with welcome and sympathy, but also with no little reverence, for you stand close behind the Saviour." The Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, Bishop of Southern Virginia, followed with a very impressive address on Church Unity.

Friday morning was taken up with two papers by different students. One of these, a paper on the Needs of the Country Church, by Mr. B. S. Gilman, of Andover, created a great deal of interest, which was shown in the discussion that followed. Other papers followed in the afternoon. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, gave an address in the evening.

Saturday morning was taken up with a paper on Medical Missions, by Mr. E. A. Read, of Chicago, discussion of that topic, and a strong address on Grit, by the Rev. Charles F. Goss. Mr. Goss called attention to the fact that a young artisan or mechanic starts out with his kit of tools, and in a week's time finds some sort of a job; but a young minister, after finishing his education, sits at home and eats his mother's bread until he has a call. He urged that the men should go out into the world with courage and *make* a field. In the afternoon Miss Remington, of New Haven, created a great impression by an account of her experiences and methods in city mission work. Mr. R. E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, made an impassioned appeal for the immediate evangelization of the world. There were two foreign missionary addresses in the evening, by the Rev. H. P. Beach and Mr. L. D. Wishard.

Sunday, the last day of the session, was occupied in the morning by a consecration meeting; in the afternoon by three addresses by President H. Kozaki, of Doshisha University; the Rev. R. A. Hume, and the Rev. H. P. Beach. Dr. W. S. Rainsford preached in the evening. A farewell meeting closed the Convention. A.

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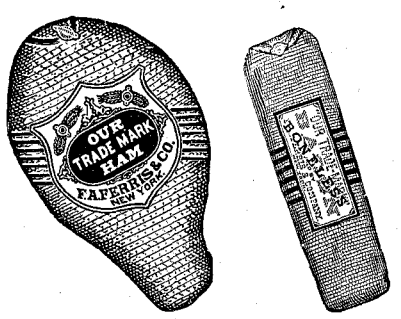

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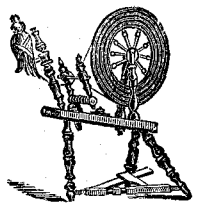

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